

## golden, like daylight

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## golden, like daylight

by [falsettodrop](#)

### Summary

*I want you*, Dream thought between kisses. A fact. *I want to be with you forever*. Another fact. *I want this to last*. Of course he did, but he knew this was all too much, too soon. It was where this had been leading the past few years of their friendship, so he wasn't entirely unprepared for it. It was jarring, though, to know with such sureness that George was it for him, so quickly after a first kiss.

The battle between self-restraint and the desire to love without containment.

### Notes

This piece was written over the course of the past two months, and all I have to say is thank god I can finally share it. I went from wanting to burn it to being kind of proud of it, so! I hope that you guys enjoy the read, I put a lot of love into this.

Thank you to [Katie](#), [Zara](#), and [Bri](#) for being the best betas. :D

Title derives from the song Daylight by Taylor Swift. And because I'm me I made a [playlist](#) for this too, so you can listen as you read, if you'd like to.

The act of wanting, Dream had grown familiar with over the past few years. This particular brand of nerves associated with it, however, he had not anticipated in the slightest.

It didn't quite make sense either, when he thought about it. Because what was making him nervous was George, and he was, without a doubt, the surest thing in his life.

The romantic feelings Dream held for him, that they had for one another, he had the utmost confidence in. The sexual feelings—okay, he *definitely* felt confident in those, had for a long while. He'd come to terms with the knowledge that he wanted George like that for much longer than he'd known he wanted to be in a relationship with him.

Even with all of these thoughts, feelings, urges simmering beneath the surface, it didn't make sense that the nerves were eating away at him. Beyond all of that, George was his best friend. His favourite person. Shouldn't that fact help him feel not-so-scared? The irrationality of his own feelings was irritating, to be honest.

He thought, though, that perhaps that was the reason he felt like this. About this. About being *with* George.

How long it took for them to get to their first kiss ended up being irrelevant; the months and years of anticipation and build-up meant so much, but what mattered, ultimately, was that it *did* happen. What mattered, also, was that in the succeeding moments, Dream had felt—well, as if someone had physically picked up his world in the palms of their hands and shaken it, throwing him off-balance.

It was the type of nervousness where he had expected it to come months in advance, and after it came and went, he'd then realized how utterly *important* all of this was going to be to him, how important it would be forever. Because it was George and it was him and it was them and it was their careers and the rest of their fucking lives, wasn't it, this might just be *it* for them, because a part of him felt like it really was going to be for Dream, and all of it was simply—

Fuck. It was overwhelming, alright.

“Dream,” George had said, hours before it happened, sitting upright on their living room floor. Together, they positioned themselves over a rug, soaking in the glow of their television. Dream laid spread out, head propped against a throw pillow, and when he turned upwards to see how George was looking at him—he knew, then. He was about to be kissed.

Was it a universal feeling, this anxiety mixed in with the anticipation of a first kiss? He'd expected butterflies, and he could feel them fluttering around inside him, but he feared that they appeared with an unintentional side-effect of nausea.

Burying that, he asked anyway, “What is it?”

And George had smiled, a slow-growing bloom like flowers of Spring, as if he could tell that Dream was reading his mind. And bent down. And kissed Dream's head, near his temple.

So gentle, the affection that came with plush lips against his skull.

Dream's mouth fell open in surprise when George pulled back.

He went on to ask, voice so quiet that if George wasn't this close, he wouldn't have heard him:  
"What was that for?"

George, with rosy cheeks and a stubborn gaze, replied, "Just wanted to." No additional input provided.

The kiss wasn't so shocking; the two of them were prone to touching each other in their own ways, gravitated toward each other by nature, built for attraction in a magnetic field, and took everything they could when they were alone together.

The action was not surprising. The fact that it happened, however, was.

"I kind of want you to again," spilled from Dream's mouth, greedy now that he'd gotten one, greedy now that he knew he was allowed to *receive* kisses from George, that George might want to present them to him. He didn't have the heart to feel embarrassed by his lack of shame in asking, not when George seemed so unafraid to be shameless in response.

A look crept onto George's face, one that said he knew what Dream was truly asking for, what he wanted beneath the request. He leaned down, brushing his lips against the arch of Dream's cheekbone.

Dream wasn't looking at himself, because he couldn't stop watching George, but he could feel that the hairs on his arms stood up all over.

"Again," he said, hoarse and reeking with desperation, but this time he pushed up on his elbows so that George didn't have to keep bending so low.

George pressed his mouth lower on Dream's cheek, inches from his mouth. Still soft in his movements, lost in their protected bubble where nothing mattered and none of this had any consequence. Dream's head spun; he didn't know how much more of this he could take.

"Can I—?" Dream began, and stopped, but George nodded as soon as he spoke up, understanding exactly what Dream needed next, and finally, *finally* Dream tilted his head to kiss the corner of George's dumb, perfect mouth.

After that, it was over. There was no further point in denying.

It hadn't been enough for George, it wasn't enough for *either* of them. Now that they'd felt the electrifying static that came with a kiss, nothing would ever be enough again. As soon as Dream did that, George didn't let him pull back an inch, immediately turning to catch their lips in a direct kiss.

Dream had felt his heart physically stop before, he'd had countless scares over the years, but up until then, it hadn't felt so monumental and life-changing. Blood rushed through his ears, so loud and distracting that he wondered if even George could hear it if he listened close enough.

It was immaculate, their first kiss. A sensation laced with a tempting mix of serendipity and inevitability, unforgettable in nature, a moment that Dream knew he'd always cherish when he looked back on it in the future. *Sparks fly* came to his mind—he'd heard the term many times in the past, but the old Dream had thought people were being hyperbolic until he'd felt it in this instance.

"George," he breathed into his mouth, because he couldn't believe he was kissing *George* but it felt so right, and he'd gotten a low *Dream* in response, and then they'd kissed again, and again, and again.

Dream pulled himself upright to kiss George harder. Their mouths opened in unison, and the floodgates of everything they'd been on the precipice of came gliding through.

Suddenly, he was overcome with the gravity of all that he felt for George, and it was a lot to deal with, hitting him with full, blinding force, and knocking him off his feet. In that split second, it had been too much.

*I want you*, Dream thought between kisses. A fact. *I want to be with you forever*. Another fact. *I want this to last*. Of course he did, but he knew this was all too much, too soon. It was where this had been leading the past few years of their friendship, so he wasn't entirely unprepared for it. It was jarring, though, to know with such sureness that George was it for him, so quickly after a first kiss.

Sensory overload was a real thing, and Dream felt *good* about what they had going, what he was feeling, and that they were kissing, but his brain also couldn't shut up, going—

*don't fuck it up don't fuck this up this is important fucking breathe idiot*

—and that was why, after they'd gotten worked up, pushing up against each other by the base of the couch, and it became harder and harder to pull away, Dream took a second to pull away and hide himself in George's neck. Without looking at him, he said the following, between attempts to catch his breath: "Do you mind if—George, I want you so much, but do you think we can..."

Heavy breathing rang in the air, and he trailed off, unsure of how to best put it into words.

"Slow down?" George finished on his behalf, knowing him, between his own breaths.

The two of them took a second to breathe together, to realize what was happening. "Yeah," Dream relented, "that."

Anxiety snuck into Dream's mind again. Kissing George had distracted him from the nerves, until all of the unsaid had started to prod at him in reminder. He wished he could be here, live in the moment, without thinking so hard about it, but he just wasn't that kind of person. He wasn't George. He wished he could be like that, for him, because it was what George deserved. He didn't need all the stupid, irrational baggage that Dream held in regards to—he didn't even know what it was, really.

The truth was, he felt like an idiot for even asking for time, even though it was George and he knew he wouldn't judge him for wanting it. This was his best friend, he tried to tell himself, this was a safe space, he could be himself, he didn't need to feel so fucking terrified.

He decided to look at him, hopeful that George understood.

George had this look on his face, a sweet kind of fondness, when he asked, "Are you scared, Dream?" It didn't feel mocking, similar to the many other times George had asked him that question throughout their friendship, one that they'd directed at each other during PvP battles or petty bickering over unimportant arguments. Instead, it sounded curious, gentle, infused with a specific understanding, offering only kindness. Dream didn't take this treatment for granted.

"A little," Dream admitted to him, the understatement of the century. Then, looked closer at him, curious and confused by how George seemed so put together when Dream was on the verge of falling apart. "Aren't—aren't you?"

"Kind of," George replied, but Dream didn't know if George was just humouring him, and didn't want Dream to feel alone in this feeling. Hesitated visibly, before he added, "Well, I dunno. It's

more—I don't know if we're scared of the same things, really."

Dream stopped to consider this. "What're you scared of?" he asked first, softly, to bid time.

Without looking him in the eyes, George answered. "Um, I guess... Well, when you say you're scared, that scares *me*. Like, perhaps you don't want this as I do."

*No*, he thought. He couldn't let that stand. "That's—no. No. Just—look at me, please." His hand went to George's chin, turning him in his line of sight, and made sure neither of them were looking away. Tried to put everything he felt in his eyes, and convey it to him through a simple look. "George, come on. Do you—do you *actually* believe that?"

George swallowed hard, eyes flickering between Dream's. A few seconds passed, and his shoulders dropped, like he'd been holding tension in his body for much longer than he'd even realized. "Honestly, no. Not when you look at me like that."

Dream nodded, and felt relief as well. "Okay. Good, because—that isn't it, at *all*."

George picked up Dream's hand, seemingly calmer now that he had the clarity he needed, and intertwined their fingers. "Then talk to me," he requested, with so much patience. So utterly good with Dream that it made his entire body ache.

Part of Dream's issue was his own pride. Admitting that these feelings scared him was a defeat, a small death to his confidence, whatever he'd built up of it. Dream had relationship experience, but this was going to be different. He and George being together, *dating*... he needed to settle into it, whatever they were about to become. This was something real, something true, and there was no way in hell it was just a kiss shared between best friends. It reeked of a permanence that Dream had always known it would become.

He was older now, and he knew what came from relationships. He'd dated women in the past, seriously and long-term. He'd always thought he knew what love was, but with him and George, Dream knew it would be different; it would be *so* different from all of the experiences he'd had before, because George simply meant more. Their lives were completely interconnected. They needed each other for *everything*. They knew almost everything about each other—and if they were to try this, they'd know even more. That excited Dream too, so much, because he wanted to learn about all that made George tick: how he'd act in a relationship, what he liked, what he wanted, his fantasies and desires and innermost, personal thoughts. He wanted to know every part of him until he'd turned George inside-out, and he wanted George to know him the same.

And then there was the unavoidable: he'd never been with a man before, either. George was the first one he'd felt attracted to *this* much, so much that it had potential to become serious, something worth exploring further. It wasn't a problem. Not at all. Dream had already accepted that this was what he wanted; his mind was at peace with it.

It was just so *new*.

Everything in this was a lot. So much, so serious, so fast, and Dream felt—inexperienced, to be honest, which was ridiculous because it wasn't like he did not have relationship experience at all, and just because George was a man didn't mean that it was going to be any different. At least not in terms of the relationship. In terms of the sex—well, Dream definitely didn't have experience, there. That, in and of itself, was nerve-racking.

He needed to take it easy. Dream didn't want to mess it up, even though he knew that was an irrational fear.

He told George all of this, rambled on, stumbled through the explanation, tried to convey that this wasn't him not wanting to be with him, because he *did*, but more that he wanted to get this right. So much that he needed to ease into it.

George stayed silent. Listening. Taking in the reasoning.

Afterward, George pressed their foreheads together, and kissed him once, with brevity, in thanks for conveying the truth.

"Is that okay?" Dream asked, because George still had yet to do anything but give him the occasional nod, even though his face had been so understanding.

"More than okay," George said. "Just means this is important to you. I get it." George knocked their noses together, then grinned, like he wanted to tease Dream a little over liking him so much, but he held back. Dream didn't want George to hold himself back at all, especially not around him, but he let it slide this once.

"Thank you," Dream said, to the look on George's face, and George wrinkled his nose with a slight smile, like he wanted to ask, *what're you thanking me for, idiot?*

He could tell they were tired when neither of them said anything more, both so overcome with relief that they couldn't be bothered to bicker over it.

Dream felt wrung dry, exhaustion reeling through him after where the night had unexpectedly taken them. Hope tinged in his voice, he asked, "You wanna go up? T'sleep?"

His bedroom was upstairs. It went unsaid that he meant for them to do this together.

On their way to Dream's room, George held onto his hand. Didn't let go at all, like he was scared Dream might slip away somehow, not until he turned into Dream's chest, pressing his ear against it, allowing himself to be held. And hold him, Dream did—hand in his hair, cradling his head, the other around George's waist. Tight, warm, secure. Sure of what this was, what it had become.

Seconds went by, and he listened to the all-too familiar sounds of George's breathing settling rhythmically. A pattern he'd heard over the phone numerous times over the years.

His mind was still ringing. Dream couldn't contain the question that slipped through.

"George."

George made a sleepy sound, a sign of consciousness.

"We're together, right?" he asked, quietly, into the fluff of hair. "You're mine." A statement, it was; not a question.

He could hear George stop breathing for a brief moment, before a laugh came through. Seconds passed, and he mumbled back, into Dream's shirt—"Idiot. Only if you're mine, too." Dream wasn't sure, but he thought George pressed a kiss to his chest, through his shirt, where he had settled.

In peace with their mutuality, finally, they settled into rest.

The morning after, when they'd awoken and taken their respective showers, George sat atop the kitchen island while Dream fried them eggs and bacon, and asked the question that had been on *his* mind.

"Could I ask you something?"

In Dream's head, he knocked around the way George said the phrase with fondness. So polite, impossibly British around the *ask*, careful phrasing, as if he'd been thinking about how to bring it up for a while.

"You just did," Dream said back, without looking back, to be annoying.

"Oh, shut up," George said, and when Dream turned to throw a grin at him, George was rolling his eyes. Of course he was. "I'm being serious."

Dream wanted to tease, *oh, so serious, George*, but he thought he might get daggers glared through him so intense that it physically hurt, so he held it in. Their breakfast was done, so he switched off the stove and put the food aside on an unused burner. If the house caught fire while Sapnap was at home in Texas, they would never hear the end of it.

When he deemed it safe, he turned to give George his full attention.

George twisted his mouth, as if thinking of how to word it. Watching Dream with observant eyes, he said: "I wanna be sure. You said you wanted to take it slow, but—what does that mean, exactly?"

"Oh," Dream started, surprised, spine straightening. He should've expected this line of questioning, now that he thought about it. "I guess, let's not rush into everything at once? I didn't mean we—we needed to wait for, like, *ages*, or anything like that. This isn't the ice age."

As soon as that left his mouth, he could see George physically hold back to keep his mouth shut. Dream pursed his lips, hiding a smile, and Dream could hear that one Ice Age song playing in his head, the many times that George had sung it ringing through his ears.

"I'm not gonna sing it," George told him, without Dream saying anything, trying to contain a smile. "We are having a *serious discussion*, Dream."

Dream grinned; their telepathic connection upheld, then. "You wanted to, though. *I know* you." He felt proud of how well he knew him; he always did.

"Shut up," George said, kicking his foot toward Dream, despite him being too far to reach. "Finish what you were saying."

*Yeah, yeah*, Dream thought, and continued where he'd left off. "I didn't have much else to add. It's more, just—we can take it easy, y'know? Does that make sense?"

"Mhm." George picked at his grey sweatpants, hands twitching in his own lap, and Dream wondered. "Alright."

To clarify, Dream added, watching his hands, "I don't want you to be, like, scared to touch me. I enjoy it when you do."

George smiled, eyes downwards, then peered up at Dream through his eyelashes. "Do you, now?"

Dream laughed, exasperated, and moved in closer. From this angle, George was taller than him

from sitting on the island, and Dream had to tilt his head up a little to properly look him in the eyes. “Yes, George,” he told him, near enough to push George’s fringe from his forehead, so he did just that. “I do. A lot.”

George trailed his fingers up Dream’s arm, from his hand to his bicep. In a low voice, he asked, “Can I touch you right now?”

He was already getting goosebumps from the lightness of George’s touch. “You are touching me.”

George shrugged, mouth quirking at the edges. “Just wanna touch a little more,” he said, “not too much. Trust me.”

*Trust me*, George requested with deep, dark eyes. It felt like a test.

“I trust you,” he said, their gazes locked, because he’d never known anything else, and it sounded so much like *I love you* that Dream felt sick of himself for being so obvious.

George’s hand was on Dream’s shoulder, resting near where it met his neck. It felt warm through the thin material of his clothing, but George proceeded to slide his hand under the scoop neck of his t-shirt, so his palm was flat along the height of Dream’s back.

He shivered, when George curled his hand inwards, letting his nails scratch in place. “Tickles.”

“Your skin is warm,” George noted, and Dream pushed forward so their noses aligned. Their breaths mingled together, in the short space between their mouths, but George went, “Stop that, don’t kiss me yet.”

He paused, wanting to pout. “Why *not*?” he asked, but the *yet* tided him over.

“Told you to trust me,” George breathed back, then slid his palm along the shape of Dream’s shoulders, wherever he could reach under his shirt. Left, to right. Back to left. His smooth palm, mapping out the slopes and angles of Dream’s shoulder blades. His hands were so soft, gentle in their movements, but also firm. Unafraid to touch, to take what he wanted, to drink in the expanse of skin with his own flesh.

Dream admired that he wasn’t scared; he wanted George to have whatever he wanted.

He closed his eyes, absorbed in the feeling of the exploration of skin, and parted his lips. “Why does that feel so good?”

It wasn’t firm enough to be masked as a massage, but it felt *good*. Like he hadn’t been touched in years. And the truth was, he hadn’t; not like this, not with intent and pleasure and desire.

Dream felt wanted. He hadn’t felt so wanted, just from a simple touch, in way too long.

He heard George release a shaky breath. “You’re so...”

When his eyes opened, they met George’s. Dilated pupils, absorbed in their own darkness, the golden morning light filtering through their open windows, the contrast making Dream unable to look away.

*You’re so fucking pretty*, he felt with his entire being, but he couldn’t manage words at this moment.

He wanted to ask, *what*? Instead, he stayed quiet, letting himself get lost in the feeling of being



touched, eyes still connected to George's, unwavering in their intensity.

An obscure sound came from George's throat. "I wanna touch your stomach, next."

George couldn't reach it from this angle, not with them pressed so close. He'd have to pull away, first. Dream didn't even want him to stop touching him, yet.

Dream's breath caught in his throat, thinking about it. "I might die." A tad overdramatic, but Dream never claimed to be anything but a drama queen.

"And you wanted to kiss me?" George asked, tone blended with amusement and wonder. "You can't even handle this."

Dream made a bothered sound. "It's *a lot*, okay, fuck you. It's been a while since—" he cut off, and his tone went softer, quieter, when he continued, "stop making fun of me, please."

"Hey," George soothed, as he continued to touch. His nails were dragging over the nape of Dream's neck, and he kept his mouth wired shut, afraid that his next sound would be—too much, too embarrassing. "I didn't mean to make fun of you. I'm just—distracted. Your face is—distracting."

"Huh?" He was only half-listening. It was so hard to talk and to be touched, all at once.

"You are *distracting*," George repeated, slowly, enunciating each syllable. George's eyes were *black*, the brownness disappearing behind desire. "You're all—y'know."

"Y'know?" he asked, mindless. Not understanding George's dozens of unfinished half-sentences.

George pulled his hand from the shirt to cup Dream's jaw, smiling at him, eyes flickering all over his face. Then, moved in to kiss along his cheek a few times, mumbled into the skin when he reached near his ear, a little quieter, like it was some kind of shared secret between just the two of them, "You're all turned on."

Dream sucked in a sharp breath, unsure if he should feel embarrassed from being so transparent. "Ugh. Can you blame me?"

George made space between their faces to look at him, eyes soft. "So defensive," he said, lighthearted, caressing his face still, because he knew each part of Dream. Then, in a whisper, "It's cute, Dream. Don't be shy."

He could feel the tips of his ears darkening. "Can you *stop*?" he said, feeling antsy from the attention, which was odd because he usually thrived under it, especially that of George's. "I swear, you—you make me wanna—just—like—"

A burst of energy overcame him, and he used it to pick George off the counter, hands firm under his thighs.

"Dream, what the *fuck*?" George shrieked, tightening his grip on his shoulders, laughing brightly. "Put me *down*, now!"

Dream laughed as he walked, carrying him to their living room, ignoring the yells. He could tell George wanted to fight against him, despite the continued laughter, to thrash and escape his clutches, but that he was too scared of being dropped.

"You weigh, like, nothing," Dream noted, around a grin, then promptly dropped George onto the

couch.

George covered his face with his hands, breathless with laughter and cheeks pink beneath the fingers hiding him. And Dream couldn't help but stare.

Fuck, George was beautiful. So beautiful, effortlessly so. He was *enamoured*.

He gave in, dropping down over him on the couch to pull his hands away, to kiss George all over his face, his cheek and his chin and his nose and his forehead. As he did it, George giggled more at the show of affection, and Dream's heart squeezed at the sound. "George," he said against George's temple. "*George*, George."

"Dream," he said back, a smile in his voice, and Dream wanted to see it, that smile George had just for him, but he also didn't want to pull away.

"George," he said again, the name encompassing everything he felt. "God, I love making you laugh. It makes me feel so good." He heard George's breath hitch, and he buried himself in his neck, pressing his cheek on his shoulder, nose grazing skin. "So, so fucking cute."

"*Stop*," George whined.

Dream pulled back at that, giving him a sharp look. Thumb, gentle over his cheekbone. "Tell me you don't like it."

With a stubborn and set jaw, George told him, "I don't like it."

Dream looked into his eyes, and smiled, seeing dishonesty. "Okay, now say it like you mean it."

"You're—" George started, with a deep breath, then exhaled suddenly, like he couldn't even bear to finish. He shook his head, and the fight was bleeding out of him, second by second. "Dream, you are so much."

He watched as George went softer around the edges, letting his guard down further. "You're more," Dream said back, and they weren't even making sense, just speaking their own language. "I'm gonna kiss you, now."

"Thank you for the warning," George said, amused by the fact that Dream had announced that to him.

When Dream kissed him, careful not to put his entire weight on George as he hovered over him on the couch, he opened up with ease. As if he knew, so soon, exactly how Dream liked it. He liked how brainless George got when their mouths touched, like his entire body went lax and he simply gave into the feeling. George melted right before his eyes, like rich fondue, gooey and cheesy and delicious in every sense of the word. He didn't think as he kissed, just went through the motions, responding to the push-and-pull between them, giving exactly what he got. His partner, in every aspect of it, in every sense of the word. His equal. In life; in everything.

"I am so attracted to you," Dream admitted, aching with how much he meant it, when they took a moment to breathe. He traced the collarbones peeking out from under George's shirt. He couldn't believe he got to touch him like this now, that it wasn't weird to tell him these things. They'd held back for so long. "Like, so fucking into you."

"Yeah?" George's expression went soft, before leaning up to kiss Dream again for telling him that. Against his lips, he asked, "For how long?"

“A very long time, George,” Dream said, not looking him in the eyes. His heart hurt, thinking about it. “For longer than I wanted to admit.”

George hummed, like he knew. Understanding it, without Dream even having to tell him. “Dream.”

“Don’t say anything,” he requested, still careful not to catch his eye. Afraid to broach the conversation with depth.

“No, not that,” George said, gently. He always knew how to pry out his secrets, always knew when to back off, then come back to it. “Just, look at me for a sec.”

Dream turned, waited for it. “I’m looking.”

With a slight smile, George told him, like he was offering a piece of himself that he’d never given anyone else: “I’ve always been into you, too.”

He rubbed his thumb under George’s eye, thinking about that. Thinking about how deep it went. “Really? Even when you hadn’t seen me?”

George gave a short laugh, shaking his head at Dream, as if he was ridiculous for asking such a thing. “I didn’t need that to know, Dream.” His eyes went thoughtful, scanning Dream’s face. “But even after I did see you, it got worse.”

The word choice was amusing, if nothing else. Flattering, even though it shouldn’t have been, from the connotation of it. “Worse?”

George laughed. “Better,” he corrected. “Sorry, not used to—this, yet.” Before Dream could ask what he meant by *this*, he clarified: “Reciprocation, I meant.”

“Hm,” he said, eyeing George under him. His hand went flat, trailing down George’s arm. “Speaking of…”

George blinked up at him, doe-eyed. “Yes?”

“Can I—um,” he started, hand moving to trace George’s hip, “touch here, too?”

“Dream, yes,” George breathed out. “You can touch anywhere you’d like. You’re the one who wants to take it slow.”

Oh. *Oh*. That meant that George wanted—“I’m sorry,” Dream said, pulling back from him an inch. He felt kind of bad now, as if he was holding them back from doing more. And he kind of was, wasn’t he? “I want to give you—so much. Everything. But, my stupid head, I just—”

“Oh, *no*,” George shushed him, and his voice got gentler. “No, Dream, that wasn’t what I meant. I’m okay with taking it slow. I meant… if you want anything, you can have it. You don’t need to ask me.”

*You sure?* he wanted to say, but instead his mind got caught in another phrase, effective in distracting him from the woes of his mind. Around a voice crack, Dream asked, “I can have anything?”

George scoffed, as if he didn’t say the words himself. “Dream,” was all he said, then he grabbed Dream’s hand, and—slid it under his shirt himself.

“Oh,” Dream breathed out, touching skin. The pads of his fingertips ghosted the skin of George’s

belly, until he pressed down with his entire hand. He looked at where he was touching. George's skin was pure white, like the colour of the sun if one stared into it for too long and didn't look away, untouched and gentle and delicate, the lightest happy trail leading downwards. "You're *soft*."

A sigh. Dream wondered if George was conscious of the fact that he was pressing up into Dream's hands, chasing the high of simple touch, the same way Dream had.

"Oh," Dream repeated, getting it, now that he could see George's face as he touched, as he took. His thumb pressed in harder, next to George's belly button, and when George let out a shaky sound, eyelashes fluttering at the feeling. He was holding still, gritting his teeth slightly as he was being touched, and when Dream saw the way he was restraining himself, he smiled.

"What're you smiling at?" George asked, and he snaked his hand under his own shirt to rest over Dream's, lightly guiding, touching together, helping him along. Dream's smile grew, and George's fingers tightened over his.

"S nothing," Dream mumbled, but George made a displeased sound, always wanting to know *everything*.

A long time ago Dream had realized that George was the type of person who enjoyed knowing what Dream was thinking at all times, wanting to know what he was doing, what he was feeling. He was nosy, and forever interested in the small things, but Dream had never felt unimportant in George's presence because of this—the way how he yearned to learn people in their entirety was admirable, and Dream could understand it, only because he felt the same way about George in return.

"Tell me," George whined, demanding as always, "tell me, *now*."

"Pushy," Dream replied, admonishing but fond, but he relented. "'S just... I get it, now, what you meant about—my face. Being distracting."

"Oh." He scanned Dream's expression, then, as if gearing up to fight him, said, "You aren't allowed to make fun of me—"

"I wasn't," he said, pulling his hand back.

"—because you were *much* worse," George continued, glaring with playful eyes.

"I *wasn't*, baby," Dream told him again, softly, but the way George melted into the couch after he called him that made him *want* to make fun, just a little bit. He bit his tongue, trying to hide the smile that prodded at him from seeing the reaction. George was so sweet beneath his tough exterior. For once, he decided to be nice, and let it go. "C'mon, we have to heat up breakfast again."

"Ugh," George said, not moving at all. He looked up at Dream from where he laid on the couch, seeming much too comfortable. Then, grinned, before saying, "Carry me back."

Dream sighed at the request, but he did so after a brief complaint. It was fine, anyway—he liked doing it, and when he saw George's soft smile, he was sure he liked it being done.

Kissing ended up taking so much of their time, it turned out.

It felt good to kiss. To be kissed. To discover, and uncover.

Sapnap wasn't home, hadn't been home this week and would be gone for the next week as well, to be with family on vacation, so Dream and George were alone. Sapnap still didn't know that things between them had shifted monumentally, and Dream didn't know how to tell him, either. He suspected that he always knew Dream and George were different—that was something unavoidable, if one spent enough time with the two of them alone—but it felt oddly like Dream was harbouring classified information, being with George like this and no one knowing. As if they were kissing in secrecy, making use of the time they'd have alone, when no one was there with them.

Dream didn't need to be told how predictable it was that it had taken Sapnap leaving them alone for a week to get together.

Before they knew it, though, their privacy would be up. Hence, a lot of making out ensued, ensuring that their attempts to take it slow would be more difficult. It had only been *two days*, and they'd spend both of them basking in each other's presence.

Slow, languid kissing was Dream's favourite, when he took his time and hand-crafted every kiss, every bit of affection. It made the kissing so much more enjoyable, so worthwhile. George also seemed to enjoy it when Dream kissed him like this; or, perhaps, he could just tell how much Dream liked it, and wanted to give him more of the same.

"I love kissing you," Dream said, between kisses, only slightly muffled by George's lips coming back down on his. "You make all these little sounds."

There was so much that George could say in reply to that, but he chose to say nothing; instead, he just kissed Dream a little slower, a little harder, to convey that he'd heard what he said, and then slipped into the crevice between Dream's jaw and neck, kissing downwards.

Dream liked kissing in this position a lot—with George mostly on his lap, as they laid together in bed, propped up on pillows.

The past two days, they'd kissed in various different positions.

Dream on top of George, hovering so as to not crush him. Dream on top of George, *entirely* crushing him, which had been more George's request than something Dream had felt inclined to do—he always felt scared of hurting him, but he was learning that George liked it a little bit firm, hard, rough. The tinge of pain made him groan, which Dream took note of when he used his teeth on George's lips and neck as they made out.

They'd kissed, rolling over each other too, in the middle of a play-fight, because of course they had. Up against the bathroom door, too, because George had pulled him into him after they'd finished brushing their teeth one night. He noticed that George liked being crowded as well, with how he arched up against Dream's body when he did so.

The way George was acting with him—Dream thought, maybe he wasn't alone in wanting to be consumed by him. George seemed to want it a lot too, in the same regard.

Between breaths, arching up so George had more room to kiss wherever he wanted, Dream muttered, "God, I wanna kiss you everywhere."

"Where?" George asked with immediacy, without thinking, but when pulled back to catch Dream's

eye, he saw right through the facade, and picked up on the hesitation.

A slow smile grew on George's face, a contemplative look.

"Show me with your hands," George requested, so quiet and gentle, and Dream knew he was about to do it.

The idea of him touching George everywhere he wanted to kiss, in place of it, still felt like—a lot. But Dream could do this, he could manage it easier than putting his lips on George, because it allowed him more self-control.

Slipping his hands under George's shirt came easily with his head resting on George's shoulder, as he sat in his lap, and he settled them first right above his tailbone. Then, began dragging his fingers upwards, along the crevasse of his back, where his spine was taut along the middle. He pressed down when he reached the height of his back, and heard George breathing. Soft skin, under the palms of his hands.

He paused his movements. "George," he said into his neck, breathing hot.

George went still. "Uh huh?"

His index finger trailed down George's spine, as he said, matter-of-fact, breathless with the knowledge of it, "I'm going to kiss you here one day." It wasn't to tease, but rather in awe of the fact that it was *true*; one day, his lips would meet George's back, and he'd be able to press kisses down the length of it, drag his tongue along it, feel it under him.

Under his fingers, George's back flexed. He wasn't muscular, but Dream could feel every movement like this. "Dream," George responded, adding nothing to that statement. Just saying his name for the sake of it.

Dream moved his hands to the front, where George's stomach was as soft as it had been days ago. "Kissing here, too," Dream added, and then gripped George's hips on either side, his thumbs splaying out on his torso, mimicking a symmetrical butterfly. He couldn't see his face like this, they couldn't see each other, all that he had in indication that George was just as affected by this simple touching was the sound of his breathing, the change in the pattern, and the rhythmic increase in speed of his pulse under the tip of his nose, when it rested under his jawline.

"Keep touching me," George said, when Dream stopped for a moment to pay attention to George's heartbeat, ear pressed by his pulse.

"Shh," Dream whispered, "I'm listening."

A pause. Softly, inquisitive: "Listening to what, idiot?"

Embarrassment bled into his skin, but he knew around George there was no room for shame. He knew every part of him, he'd continue to know even more. There wasn't room for hiding anymore. They were long past the point of attempting such a thing. "Your heart," he admitted, voice only slightly above a whisper, and under his ear, he could've sworn he heard it skip, himself.

George stopped moving. Then gasped, like he'd been holding his breath for a little too long, and hadn't even realized. "You're killing me," he told Dream, voice anguished, like there was so much inside him that he wanted to say but didn't know how to articulate it, other than in that sentence.

"You've *been* killing me," Dream told him, because he couldn't let George think he was alone in that. His heartbeat stayed in his eardrums, thumping, approaching crescendo. "You kill me every

time you look at me.”

“Shut,” he replied instantly, before Dream could continue on, which he wanted to. “God, you’re so—shut *up*.”

In the safety of where George’s shoulder met his neck, he let his hands wander, not verbally responding. Touching, taking his time with it, and George cupped his head, allowing him. There was no rush when they were like this. He could bask in the newfound ability to touch him whenever he wanted, wherever he wanted. The warmth and softness of George’s stomach felt so good under his hands, he almost never wanted to stop touching.

He thought about the countless times he’d imagined touching George before they’d even met. Those had been innocent fantasies—carding his fingers through his hair, cupping his face, kissing his neck, rubbing his back, picking him up, hugging him tightly. These were all things that he’d already done in some capacity, especially the past few days. And then there had been the not-so-innocent fantasies—those which he’d tried to repress, to not think about unless his mind and self-restraint betrayed him for a split second, or his blood was racing with adrenaline as he jerked himself off in the privacy of his own bedroom, only to compartmentalize it and attempt to forget it had even happened after he’d finished.

He was allowed, now. He could do anything he wanted. He knew he was enjoying it. He knew he *liked* it.

It was, still, terrifying for him to come to this understanding.

Dream thought George might understand him.

He wondered if his hands burned in their wake, the same how he felt each time George touched him.

His hands slipped higher, until they were at George’s chest, and then he brushed his thumb over George’s nipple.

George gasped, tightened his hold on Dream’s head.

He didn’t say anything, though.

Dream wondered. And brushed against it again, this time with more intent.

A high, whining noise. “*Dream*.”

This time, Dream wanted to gasp. The sound of George’s voice right now—God, he needed to look at him. He pulled back, resting his back against the headboard of his bed again, and took in the sight of George’s face.

Dark, wet eyes met his own. Parted lips. The pink of his tongue, peeking out.

Dream brought his other hand up, then rubbed in unison, George’s chest beneath his fingers. And George *crumpled*. Folded, entirely, like he wasn’t even in control of his body with Dream touching him there, taken by an onslaught of pleasure.

“Jesus,” Dream whispered, staring at the reaction in shock, thinking of the sensitivity. “You’re—you are beautiful.”

“Fuck,” George said out loud, and Dream wondered if he even knew how he sounded. Completely

and utterly fucking gone. “Want—want—”

“George?” he asked, wondrous, still touching him, on auto-pilot, obsessed with the look on his face. Wanting to put that look back on his face forever.

George’s breath hitched again, and he finished, “—your mouth.”

He wanted his mouth, he wanted it—on him. God. *God*. Dream remembered, now, why he was doing this, touching him. He was showing George where he wanted to kiss him with his hands. Every place he wanted to. He’d—forgotten, if he was being honest, that this was the purpose of touching him right now. Maybe it had crept into his brain, subconsciously, that he wanted to kiss George here, too.

It wasn’t like it was untrue. It was just *a lot*.

“I’m sorry,” Dream said, then, wanting to put his mouth on him, all over him, for good. Knowing it might bend his brain in half, thinking of his tongue on George’s—

Jesus. *Okay, get a fucking grip, Clay*, he said to himself, and his hands left George’s chest, trailed back down over his ribs until he was next to his belly again. He pressed his thumb in, wondering how hard he had to push to leave a bruise.

He didn’t want to hurt George. Not at all, not even a little bit. He just—liked the idea of a mark being left there. He liked the thought of it. And he thought he might like the sight of it *a lot*, too.

“Stop apologizing,” George breathed in response, after they’d both calmed down a little, and Dream was so out of it that he’d completely forgotten he’d even apologized seconds before. “I—I like this, Dream. I *prefer* this, actually. I think—I dunno, maybe we would’ve rushed into it, if it had been up to me.” He leaned forward, nudged his nose against Dream’s. Quieter, he said, “It’s meaningful, like this.” Then, he kissed the tip of Dream’s nose, as if it sealed the deal.

Hearing that was, truth be told, so goddamn validating. Because it meant that George *understood* him, he understood why he needed this.

His eyes were stinging, suddenly, but he literally would *not* live it down if he started tearing up right now, so he leaned forward to hide in George’s shoulder again. He was overtaken with emotion, hit with it at full-force, the reality that George got him as well as he did.

He was just so glad that it was George he was with. His George; his sweet, perfect boyfriend.

*Mine*, he thought to himself, and the urge to suck bruises along George’s body, to mark him as his, broke through his strong resolve.

“Can I—Can I please, just—” he started, nosing at his neck again, then opened up his mouth right beside George’s Adam’s apple, and began sucking at the skin.

“Oh,” George breathed out, but he didn’t say anything else. Just tilted his head back, as if lost in the feeling, giving Dream room to work.

Dream opened up his mouth wider, dragging his tongue along. Bit down, lightly. Sucked again, at the same spot, this time with a wider mouth, to leave a bigger mark.

He hoped it would bruise. He wondered what colour it would turn. A deep shade of pink, perhaps tinges of purple if he did it hard enough. He didn’t know which he would prefer—all he knew was he needed it to be visible, something he didn’t have to look too hard to find, something that if



someone took a single look at George, they'd see it, they'd *know* he was Dream's.

"Dream," George said, senseless with pleasure, as he squirmed under him, holding his head in place. "Are you—leaving a love bite?"

"Wha's that?" Dream asked, muffled from his place under George's chin, between his efforts to make sure the mark would stay for days. Fuck it. He wanted everyone to know.

George laughed before saying, voice slightly strained, "Y'know, a hickey or whatever. Fuckin' Americans."

"Wait." Dream came to a halt, pulling back to look at George closer. "You call them *love bites*?"

George bit his lip, seemingly apprehensive to admit to this. Pink splotched over his cheeks. "Well, yes? Sometimes?"

"Oh, my God," Dream breathed out, staring at him. He couldn't stop *staring*. George was just so fucking perfect to him, in every way. "It's—it is actually *ridiculous* how cute you are."

George laughed, loud with surprise, not expecting that reaction. "*Dream*. I thought you were gonna make fun of me."

"There's always a time for that," Dream nodded in agreement, "but now is *not* that time. Oh, my God. *Love bites*. That's so—you are *so* cute, Georgie. Fuck." George melted against him like soft butter, and Dream kissed him, all over his face: his forehead, his cheeks, his stubbled chin, until he returned lower, where he had been before, along the firm column of his neck. He nosed at it, feeling the fine hairs brush against his skin, and he *loved* when he could feel George's stubble against his face, under his touch. "Yes, I'm leaving some. More than one. Just—" he opened his mouth up again, and sucked in a new bruise, under his jawline.

"Can I—" George began, as Dream continued sucking even harder. "*Shit*. I—Dream, lemme give you some, too. Can I?"

George wanted to—oh. George wanted the same things as him. George wanted to mark him, too.

"Of course, sweetheart," Dream said, muffled into his skin. "Don't even need to ask."

If one were to make a time-lapse of what transpired next, Dream didn't even know what it would look like. He lost himself in the moment, just allowed himself to feel, to let his emotions consume him and his actions move on instinct. The two of them took their time, crawling over each other, crowding each other, pressing kisses into their skin. Licking, biting, sucking. It wasn't even inherently sexual—it was hot, *of course* it felt good, felt good to be marked and to mark and to know they both felt this same, innate need to claim each other, to possess. It felt so fucking good, not being alone in that. It felt *safe*. Because around each other, there wasn't a need to dial back the intensity, something that Dream had feared many a time in relationships before.

They saw each other for what it was. They felt—they *were*—transparent to one another. They understood. They *knew*.

They knew.

George left marks too—more than Dream, actually, all over him. The place where Dream's shoulder met his neck, under his jaw, lower, by his collarbone. Even beneath his ear. And then he pushed Dream on his back, riding his shirt up a smidge, getting bolder, in order to leave a huge, dark bruise right above his belly-button, too. He fisted his hand in George's hair as he did it, gentle,

not pulling too hard, just keeping him in place, letting him know it was okay to do it, that he liked it. Only they would be able to see that one. It was just for them.

Dream tried to will himself to stop hardening, but he couldn't help it happening a little, with George marking him everywhere, claiming him like this. George was *worse* than him, with the need to do it. He was afraid to look in the mirror, afterward, knowing so much of his skin would have bruises scattered throughout.

He didn't dare kiss George's stomach in return, not yet—he knew if he started, he might not be able to stop exploring. He lacked self-restraint, reeked of impulse and the urge to take. He left it alone, breathed slowly until his desires became more manageable, and when George crawled back up to his mouth, Dream kissed him softly.

When they were done, George laid with his ear pressed to Dream's chest, looking up at him, and Dream's hands went to his hair, his pretty face, raking over the curve of his eyebrow, the slope of his jaw.

Silence enveloped the room. Peace settled between them.

"Can I tell you something?" Dream whispered, cupping George's face, a thumb brushing over the stubble on his chin.

George nodded slightly, turning his face into Dream's palm. A kiss to the centre, then his eyes flickered back, returning to him. Always returning to him, no matter where he went. "Tell me."

Dream swallowed, gathering the words. Thinking them through.

"Every time we kiss, or you touch me," he started, "my head goes so quiet." He sighed, thinking about it. "Usually I'm always—you know, you know me. I'm always *thinking*. I like to think. I... *overthink*. But, when you're here, with me, my focus goes on you." George was watching him carefully as he spoke, so he continued on. "It scares me. A lot. 'Cause, I don't want to—be blinded by lust. And... I *want* you so much, it drives me nuts, and I want to act on it. But what we have is so fucking special to me." His grip on George's face went tighter. "I want to take care of it. Of you, and this. I want to be certain of every step we take together. And, like, I don't think I could ever regret you, or anything we did, if we did move too fast. But I still want to savour it." He kissed his forehead, and George's eyelashes fluttered on own skin. Dream smiled, when George's eyes opened again, watching him, even softer than before. "Every time you kiss me, it's important. Do you get it?"

There was a brightness in George's eyes now, a sheen over them. He looked so fucking happy, and Dream had done that. Dream had *made* him look like that.

Upwards, George tilted his chin, leaning forward to kiss him; and in that kiss, Dream felt like George got it.

"Dream," George breathed, when he pulled away, "the way you speak of me, sometimes..."

Dream couldn't help the grin that took over his face. He knew what George was saying, without him saying it. "What?" he asked, anyway. Curious to hear if George would articulate it.

George didn't answer, though. Simply kissed him. And when they kissed next, it was messier. Not like the slow, careful kissing they'd done before. It was fierce, messy, no rhythm to it, tongues finding one another, wetter than the others. It felt like George wanted to consume him whole. In all honesty, he enjoyed this kissing just as much, the disorder of it, the passion behind it. This felt like

a George kiss. Like George trying to make Dream *get it*, the same way Dream tried to make George get it, with his own words.

He wanted to smile, being kissed like this by George, because in it, he could feel what he felt, every beat of his heart inside of him.

After pulling away, they stared at each other. Dream couldn't look away, with George's eyes so blown, taking him in.

"You," George began, breathless, "are mine."

Hearing that from George's mouth made Dream feel like he was losing his mind.

"Yes," Dream confirmed, nodding involuntarily, because he loved when George spoke like this.

"I'm lucky," George said, softer, and it made Dream's heart pulse, the pride George had for him, for them, how open he was to admitting this, how much he revelled in it.

Pushing past the lump in his throat, Dream told him, "I'm luckier."

George exhaled, hand moving to Dream's hair, gripping it with a fist, and kissed him again, hard, so hard that it might've hurt, but Dream loved the slight sting. "Drives me fucking crazy."

Against his lips, between kisses, Dream mumbled, "What does?"

"Do you know how much—how everyone wants you?" George asked, as if furious, before biting down on Dream's bottom lip. "*Everyone* wants you, but—only I get you. I'm so"—he kissed him again, with a sweet force—"lucky."

Dream shivered. "Shut up, how do you think I feel?" He couldn't believe George was saying this, of all people. *George*. "George, you're, like, the most beautiful person I've ever seen. You're funny, and smart, and kind, and—everyone knows it." Dream kissed him back, with ferocity. "But, you want *me*."

George nodded. "I want you," he confirmed, without his mouth leaving Dream's, "and you want me."

"I feel crazy," Dream breathed, suddenly overwhelmed with this knowledge.

George laughed, eyes impossibly bright. "That makes the two of us." And then he kissed him again, and Dream knew whenever they decided to part for dinner, they'd look like complete haphazard messes, marked everywhere on their necks and shoulders and the singular one on his own stomach, hair frazzled, eyes wilder, lips bruised and puffy like they'd been kissing all day.

Because they had been. They'd been kissing since they woke up. And they'd kiss more, before they fell asleep, too. And probably more in between, because they couldn't fucking help it at all. He never wanted to stop touching or kissing George, and the thing was, the way George acted with him made him know he wasn't alone in that.

The glory that came with being wanted, being owned, by the only person that mattered, was a feeling that Dream would never take for granted.

“Hi,” George greeted a few mornings later, moments after they’d finished parting ways to take their respective showers and reconvened in his bedroom. Dream turned from where he stood, and George was staring shamelessly at his bare back. “Oh, you—you’re naked.”

Dream wanted to laugh. “I am not *naked*,” he protested, shooting George a look, “I’m—without shirt.”

In front of George, he felt exposed, and—well, he wasn’t naked, but the way that George was looking at him made him *feel* like he was standing in front of him with his dick completely out. Despite the fact that George had seen him like this various times between their uses of the pool, the intimacy that came with being around someone shirtless whilst you were together, alone, in your bedroom, was an incredibly personal feeling.

“Hi,” George repeated, staring at the skin with such unbearable longing that Dream could barely stand it, then corrected with air-quotes, “you’re ‘without shirt’.”

Dream rolled his eyes, pursing his lips and trying not to focus on the fascination being directed at him. “Alright, smart guy.”

He glanced down at himself, looking at the fading bruises which he’d marvelled at many times over the past couple of days, then shut the door to his walk-in closet, deciding to forgo a shirt. It was kind of cute how obvious George was being with all of the staring.

Maybe it was a little evil, but he wanted to bask in the feeling of being watched, and wanted, especially by George.

Behind a smile, Dream said, “I’m just glad the hickeys are fading.”

George pouted at that, lip jutting out and eyes going wide with exaggerated sadness. “Why?”

“George, it looks like I got mauled,” he replied, trying not to laugh at the look on his face. “Imagine if Nick saw?” Which he would, because he was coming back that same weekend. There were only a few days left of—this. Being alone, in private, able to make out openly without fear of being walked in on.

George rolled his eyes in exasperation, as if he didn’t really get it. “He’s gonna find out eventually. Who cares?”

Dream scoffed. People thought of George as this private person, and—well, he was. He could be, at times. He liked keeping things to himself, only sharing certain parts with people he trusted, and when it came to trust, there were fifteen locks on the walls and doors of George’s mind, bolted shut and difficult to get into when discovering the pieces of him.

Somehow, though, Dream had never needed a key. Somehow, Dream had never even *seen* most of the doors that others came across. There were some—a select few which he needed to pick-lock, from time to time—but George had a tendency to let Dream in with ease. From the moment they had met, years ago.

George was private, but Dream was quickly discovering what trumped that was the fact that George was also *shameless*. Especially in the safety of their home. He was, quite frankly, scared for what George might attempt when Sappnap came back.

Their hands were constantly all over each other; they could not stop kissing when they were in each other’s vicinity. Addiction was a real issue, and they were both suffering from it. He didn’t expect it would be long until Sappnap figured out something had changed between them. Even the

looks they were now giving each other were so different, charged with more meaning and knowingness and tension and—really, they were probably screwed.

It hurt his head, trying to decide the best course of action where Sapnap was involved, but he figured they'd approach that issue whenever they got to it. Go with the flow, and all.

"Oh, look who it is," George said in his pet voice, and Dream turned to where he was looking: the open bedroom door.

He smiled at Patches entering the room, but went to finish fluffing the pillows on the bed, leaving them to it. Behind him, he could hear George being cute with her, cooing phrases and Patches meowing back. Dream made a mental note to check her water bowl after they made their way downstairs.

When he'd finished, he occupied the edge of his bed, watching as George scooped Patches up to his chest, cradling her like a newborn, holding her the same way he'd seen Dream do many times before.

Dream did a fake gasp, made grabby hands for them, and George walked closer so he could touch. "My baby," he cheered, when she was close enough, leaning up to press a kiss onto the crown of her head. He petted her, and she pushed up her snout against his hand whilst George sat beside him, getting comfortable with her in his lap.

Dream looked at George's face, and couldn't help the grin when he noticed the slight pout. He wondered if George was even conscious of the fact that he was doing it. "George," he sang, knowingly, bending down to kiss George's cheek, "are you *jealous*?"

"Excuse me?" George said, cheeks going redder. "Of course not, what? How would *I* be jealous of—you are completely ridiculous."

"Uh huh," Dream said back, not believing him at all. He dropped his voice an octave to tell him in a sweet voice, "You're my baby, too, you know."

"Oh, my—*Dream*." He shot him a look, one that said, *cut that shit out*, as if he didn't like it, which Dream knew he did. "You are so embarrassing," he told him, with a distinct laugh, but he had the brightest look in his eyes. Dream could distinguish the pink of his cheeks; George was revelling in the attention, too. He shook his head before looking away, muttering under his breath, "Such a softie."

Against George's head, Dream mumbled, "Shut up, you love it."

George wrinkled his nose, and Dream laid back in the bed, legs hanging off the edge, thinking about all the things he had to do today. He heard the sound of Patches hitting the floor as she jumped off the bed, but didn't bother looking, lost in his thoughts. When he'd finished organizing the to-do list inside his brain, he looked back at George, who was, once again, taking his time to stare at his body.

He swallowed, hard. Usually when people stared at him, he got uncomfortable on instinct. Like something was crawling over his skin, and he wanted to shed it and leave. He didn't feel that way around George, or even Sapnap for that matter—there was an odd sense of safety in being watched by them. Especially when it came to George. Because every time he looked at him, he felt—overwhelmed, but in a mind-numbingly *good* way.

He wasn't even looking at his face, his eyes were just skirting along his torso, drinking in the

expanse of skin available to him. Dream bit back a smile, watching as George took him in.

The things George did for his self-esteem, without even voicing his feelings. Dream couldn't even put it into words.

His voice was hoarse, around a dry mouth, when he spoke next. "Why're you looking at me like that?" he asked—knowing, accusing.

George's head snapped up to Dream's face, like he'd been caught. "Like what?"

Dream let out one long, slow exhale. Wondered how to put it. Then went, *fuck it*. "Like you want to eat me alive."

A few beats passed, with George staring at his face, now. George just couldn't stop looking at him today, it seemed.

The silence was suffocating him, a bit. Not because it was awkward, but because it felt—tense. Charged. The static in the air between them was practically *tangible*, he thought he might be able to touch it with his fingertips.

"George?" he asked again, when he said nothing.

A sudden breath left George's mouth. "You've always got something to say, don't you? Shut up for once. Let me look."

*What am I, a piece of meat?* Dream wanted to ask in reply, but honestly, no matter what George would have responded to that, it wasn't like he minded. At all. He was enjoying the way that George was absorbing him with his eyes, so shameless and blatant and obvious that he wanted him.

Fingers reached out, making a zig-zagged line over Dream's ribcage. "You have freckles here," George whispered. As if Dream didn't know that, himself, as if he hadn't scrutinized his own body various times before with careful, perfectionist eyes. But George told him this fact as if it was a gift. Like he felt lucky to look at him, which was absurd, if anyone asked Dream, because it was such a privilege to look at *George*, and he was acting like Dream was the most precious thing to look at, and—

Fuck, Dream was so *easy*, when it came to George. All he had to do to turn him to mush was give him a singular look. Dream could not believe himself sometimes, could not believe how little effort George had to put in to reduce him to this mess of emotion and devastation.

In the privacy of his own mind, he could admit: when George looked at him like that, he wanted to do stupid, reckless, impulsive, insane things to him. Dream wanted to make George's brain melt out of his own ears, to make him feel what he was feeling for once.

Dream wanted to suck him off so hard that he couldn't even speak, if he was going to be blunt about it.

He couldn't do that, though. Well, he *could*, but—dicks were terrifying, and he was saying this as someone who had one and knew exactly how terrifying they could be. Dicks were hot, but *scary*.

He wanted to see George's.

He also wanted to mentally prepare for it beforehand, because he knew the second he saw it, he was going to lose it, in all capacities, and lose the capability of forming rational thoughts.

Allowing his mind to trail off, he soaked in how good George looked right now, in his crisp white shirt and black basketball shorts, hair unruly and still slightly wet from his morning shower, freshly shaved and clear-skinned, like he'd gotten ten hours of sleep. Which he had, holding Dream all night long, his front pressed to Dream's back, a hand slipped under Dream's sleep shirt. His left hand was tapping against his bare knee, aimlessly, as he drank him in, and Dream came to a sudden stop.

Hands.

Pretty, delicate, beautifully sculpted hands.

*Oh*, Dream thought, and it pressed at his brain.

"George," he said, the rasp to his voice unavoidable with these ideas on his mind, "come closer." Less a request, and more a command.

George, noting this, arched an eyebrow in curiosity. "What is it?"

Dream let out a shaky breath. "Can you just—*c'mere*," he said, reaching out to pull George up on the bed, to sit next to where he was laying. George came easily, making himself comfortable as he hovered above him. And then Dream went, nonsensically, "Gimme your hand."

"Huh?" George said, lost on where Dream was going with this next, like he was trying to figure it out before he did anything.

"Trust me," Dream requested, grabbing George's hand, anyway, the one he wasn't using to keep himself upright. He repeated, with more softness, "trust me."

He splayed George's fingers out above his head, so that his hand was spread out and entirely visible. Looked at it, with carefulness, then began tracing the shape of his fingers with his own—up his index, then down until it went to his middle finger, and repeated with the remainder of them.

He just wanted to touch.

The tip of his finger went to George's palm, tracing the long length of his life line. The fate line. The love line. The marriage line.

He thought about what it might mean for them, if this stuff was real. If he believed in it.

In a low voice, he told George, "You have very nice hands."

George didn't say anything; he wasn't even looking at what Dream was doing, he noticed when he looked up at him, he was just—staring at Dream's face again, eyes unwavering.

God, Dream wanted him to waver. He wanted to make him *lose* it.

He pressed a kiss to the palm of George's hand, nuzzling it like he did when he was kissing his cheek, or his neck. Then, Dream smiled, and he wondered if George could see the mischief that snuck onto his face, because what he wanted next—

Dream opened up his mouth, and across the length of George's palm, *licked*.

"What," George uttered, tone flat, voice paper-thin. Dream ignored him; he was only getting creative with how he showed what he wanted, okay, it wasn't that weird. Sometimes in his mind he just said, did, crazy things out of nowhere, because of the pressing urge that popped into his mind.

This was just another one of those times.

His tongue went pointed, and he began to drag it along the lines on George's palm, similar to how he was tracing it with his finger before. When Dream looked up at George, he wasn't looking at his face anymore, but rather his mouth, watching as Dream's tongue traced all over his hand with parted lips. He looked so—surprised. Vindication sizzled through Dream's veins. Especially when he realized he wasn't just surprised, but also *into it*.

But George still wasn't wavering.

Dream made it his personal mission to see George lose his composure.

He opened his lips and pushed George's hand forward with his own, until the pad of his thumb was resting on the flat of Dream's tongue, and then he closed his lips around it. Opened his eyes, connected them with George's, and sucked.

George was staring, eyes even wider, now, irises blown out. "I—*Dream*," he said, aghast with shock, and his voice was so *low*, wrecked, like Dream wasn't doing just doing to his hands, but instead to his—

Dream closed his eyes, and lost himself in it. Tasted skin, relished in it as if he never had felt skin beneath his mouth before, in the taste of George first thing in the morning.

He allowed George to pull his thumb from his mouth when resistance came, and opened his eyes in question, but George exchanged it for an index finger instead. And the fact that George was taking the lead made Dream see stars. Pressing in himself, feeding Dream his fingers, letting the middle slip in alongside the index as Dream sucked on them both, and his hands had become wet with spit.

It was kind of disgusting, the sheen to it, but also not, not at all, it was—hot. Everything. He imagined it was everything to them both. He loved that they both got to see this part of each other, the parts that others wouldn't.

He thought of George's mouth, the beautiful, pink shape of his lips, how he'd look if Dream hooked his fingers inside and let him suck leisurely. Lightheadedness overcame him from just imagining it, and the look on George's face made heat lick along his spine.

George leaned down, pressed his lips against Dream's forehead, and said to him, hoarse and intense and shaking Dream at his core: "You are so beautiful to me."

God, Dream was practically dizzy with how *good* he felt.

He must've looked obscene doing this. Indecent, even. Based on the quickness of George's breaths, he imagined he might look good, perhaps. George's words echoed in his head: *you are beautiful to me*. The offering, Dream recognized, was so heartfelt and sincere and—George had said to Dream, so many times, that he wasn't good at words, but God, did he make Dream feel good with his words. Whenever George looked at him, whenever he talked to him, he felt so unbelievably fucking good.

The need associated with this action wasn't lost on Dream. He knew what he probably looked like, but for once, he wasn't thinking so hard about it, dwelling on it. He wasn't thinking at all. He was barely using his brain. He was just—there. Living. Enjoying this for what it was.

All he knew was that he wanted to show George that he wanted him. He wanted George to know *just how much* he wanted him, the lengths he'd go to, how deep his desire went and how—even in spite of his head, or his worries, or his nerves—over all of that, he just really fucking wanted him.



Love had never felt so consumptive for Dream. Not until George. And Dream wanted every part of him. With George's hand in his mouth, his tongue dragging along the length of his fingers, between them, the salt of his skin on his taste buds—it might've been seen as gross to others, but to him, it felt like another way to love him. A sincere sign of worship.

Dream would do this to every inch of George's body if he could; he felt that coming in their future, and when he had the next chance he'd take it. He'd take any chance to show George how great it was, this love he had for him, inside of him. Any chance to have him understand the gravity of it.

There was no one in the world he'd rather kiss. Lick, bite, love, consume. He needed George to understand that.

He needed that, and he got it, because when he opened his eyes to look at him, he could tell that George understood what he was feeling in that moment. Because his eyes were pitch-black, pupils wide, reflecting the same desire Dream felt. Giving him a look that said, *when I can return the favour, I will.*

Dream couldn't look away, when George watched him like that.

Dream knew George loved him, *because* he looked at him like that.

Words were a standard show of love—necessary, but sometimes difficult, and even if words came easily to Dream, he knew that was not the same for George. At least, George didn't feel that way; Dream thought he did well enough with expression, at least around him. Maybe that was, in part, due to the fact that George trusted him so much, though.

Words were helpful to recognizing love; melodic in sound, and he enjoyed hearing them thoroughly, because they were validation in its purest form. But the longer he knew George, the more he learned from him, and among the many things he'd learned from him, one was a way to love, to show love, and it was just as valuable as the rest. Loving through looks. Loving through touch. Loving through attention, and obsession, and possession.

He was George's choice. His choice to look at, to care for, to be with. He'd always be George's choice; he couldn't even envision a world where he wasn't. That was how sure he felt, when George looked at him.

It was powerful, to live in such certainty.

Dream couldn't help it when the confession came, slipping from his mouth when George's fingers left, too. His heart burst with tenderness. And he told him, with heart-wrenching ardour: "I love the way you look at me."

George settled against him, cheek pressed against Dream's chest, looking up. Squished like that, impossibly adorable, he smiled. "You should see how you look at me."

*I can't*, Dream would say if he was less faint of heart, *that's the point. That's the point, George, I can only see how you look at me. I can't stop seeing how you look at me. And when you look at me like that, I feel it in my chest, and then I can't help but look at you, too, and feel it bleeding out of me, trickling into everything we do.*

He wanted to say, *I'm in love with you. Can you tell, the same way I can with you?*

Dream thought George could tell. They were both so obvious in their own ways. In George's eyes, in his touch, there was hunger—there was thirst—and that was for Dream. He said nothing, but he felt everything.

He held conviction that together, they were two reflections of each other. A double-sided mirror of devotion.

“I’ve never been drunk before,” Dream said, as if George didn’t already know this fact, after he managed to collect himself, “but you make me feel drunk.”

George laughed, bright. “I *have* been drunk before, and—same.” He leaned up to kiss Dream again, with a slowness that they both indulged in. “Kissing you makes me feel all”—he sounded out a mimic of a keyboard smash, pure gibberish—“y’know what I mean?”

Dream stared at him. Then, with pure delight, said: “Holy shit, you are one cheesy motherfucker.”

“Oh, fuck off,” George said, pulling away, more embarrassed by his words now that Dream had called him out. “See if I’m ever nice to you again, asshole.”

“*Noooooooo*,” Dream whined, pulling him back into his arms, “stop, I loved it. I was kidding, babe.”

George couldn’t move the smile off his face. “No, I’m taking away your privileges. No more kissing for you.”

“Oh, c’mon, as if.” A smug grin crept onto Dream’s face. “You like me way too much to do that.”

George scoffed, but his arms stayed firm around Dream’s middle. “Wanna bet?”

“Don’t be difficult,” Dream said, leaning up to kissing his cheek a few times.

George’s hand crawled upwards, tightened in the strands of Dream’s hair. “I think you *like* it when I’m difficult.”

“Oh, I definitely do.” He nuzzled into George’s neck. “Don’t tell anyone, ‘kay?”

“Who the fuck am I gonna tell?” George laughed. “Yeah, lemme just”—and then, in a voice much too loud—“*hey, Sapnap, guess w—*”

Dream slapped a palm over George’s mouth, with incredulity. Sapnap wasn’t even home, but he felt so fucking on edge all of a sudden, wondering if George would start pulling this shit the second he came back. “Oh, my *God*, what is wrong with you?”

George giggled against Dream’s hand, and licked it, the same as he had many times before. The difference was, after what he’d just done, it no longer made him cry from disgust, but rather think of it with romance on his mind.

With a deadpan look, Dream said exactly that. “That’s not gross anymore; it’s just hot.”

“You’re hot,” George returned, with a raised chin, as if he was trying to fight him over it.

Dream paused, thrown. “I can’t tell if that was an attempt at insulting me, or—”

“It was,” George said, smirking, even though it evidently was not. “It is *insulting* how hot you are.”

“That doesn’t even make sense, dummy,” Dream laughed, baffled at his obscure methods in flirting. “You think you’re so smooth.”

“Nah, only you think that.” George grinned, wiggling his eyebrows. “And I thought I was *cheesy*?”

“That too,” Dream replied, rolling his eyes. “Idiot.”

“In the past few minutes you’ve called me cheesy, smooth, dummy—”

“And you’ve only called me hot,” Dream cut in, arching an eyebrow. “Better stop, or I’ll think you have a crush on me.”

George snorted. “Well, we wouldn’t want that, now would we?” he quipped, but he got the cutest look on his face when he smiled, like he was humouring Dream, and they were humouring each other. Like he knew how Dream felt, and Dream knew how he felt back.

In a way, he did know. They were so fucking in love that it was clear to anyone looking at them. It wasn’t even some grand revelation, even though it was new. Even if he wasn’t saying it. He was sure of how George felt, in how they loved each other, from how they looked at each other.

It was them at their core. Pure love. Expecting anything other than that had been fruitless.

He kissed George again, slower. “You won’t have to wait much longer, ‘kay? I’m sorry.”

George’s eyebrows pinched together, with evident frustration. “Can you—*ugh*—stop”—he kissed him, hard—“fucking”—he kissed him again, harder—“*apologizing*. I don’t *need* an apology, this is—it’s so good, Dream. You’re—perfect like this. I just need you.” Even quieter, he said, “I only want *you*. You understand?”

It was so hard not to look at George with hearts in his eyes when he acted like this. Everyone always got on Dream’s case for being a simp, for being so into George that he was practically shouting it from the rooftops, but could he help it? Did he ever stand a chance, with George acting this way around him, being like this to him, treating him so fucking well that it made him want to just—

Give up. Give in. Give him *everything*.

“You’re so good with me,” Dream said, astounded by the truth of it. “You’re so, so, *so* good—”

Predictably, George shut him up with a kiss. It was fine; he’d get the gist. Smiling into each other’s mouths, another batch of Dream’s nerves melted, like George was the sun pulling him out of the moonlight, out of the darkness which terrified him, and Dream allowed his hands to bring him comfort, basking in the serenity and sanctuary that he provided.

“I am *beat*,” Sapnap said, some time after returning home that weekend. “I feel like I’ve been driving all day.”

He kind of had been. The past few hours had been spent catching up, Sapnap relaying stories about his trip to Texas. How his step-mother taught him to make various Filipino dishes, which he’d proceeded to forget hours after having the recipes explained; about his sister teaching him to do her hair in different braids; the two fights he’d gotten into with his father toward the end of his stay, which had made him feel like getting into his Tesla and driving back home to them immediately. Dream wasn’t surprised by any of it. He’d heard many tales about Sapnap’s family over the years, had grown up listening to his venting and praises.

Dream loved Sapnap as deeply as he did his own family; he treated him akin to it. Dream wanted to

protect him from the world, wanted to fight everyone on his behalf.

Including himself, sometimes.

He and George had, in return, when the vacation stories let up—well, Dream had *wanted* to tell Sapnap about what happened between them, okay, he had! George didn't seem against it either, leaving the situation in Dream's hands to manage. The second Sapnap had turned the line of questioning around on them, however, elaborate lies began spilling from Dream's mouth. George mostly seemed amused with Dream's scrambling to conjure stories, had to temporarily excuse himself to the bathroom, probably to have a laughing fit, the bastard, when Dream started going on about them baking bread of all things.

For the record, they had not done that once. The past week had been spent too busy being caught up in each other to even make an attempt.

Dream didn't know how these things started spewing from him sometimes. It was the pressure, it had to have been, he couldn't be blamed for the panicked responses he had in these scenarios.

After a loud yawn, Sapnap inquired, "How late are you guys staying up?"

"Uh," Dream said, no trace of eloquence, looking toward George, who seemed much too relaxed.

"Dream promised he'd play chess with me tonight," came George's easy answer, despite this having never happened. "You can sleep though, if you're tired."

He played it so simple; it was impressive.

"Yeah, might just call it," Sapnap said, rubbing his eyes. "We'll talk tomorrow, we've got—oh, I forgot, Punz wanted to hang, grab some sushi. So, if y'all wanna come, the offer—"

"Sure, Nick," Dream said, before he could even finish asking. It was a little too quick of an acceptance for what was normal to him, a result of guilt from the lies, desperation because he wanted to right an unintentional wrong, but also a little just because he did truly miss him while he was gone. "I'll come. George?"

George shrugged—he didn't care much about the specifics, just wanted to do whatever they both did, so he agreed with ease.

Sapnap nodded once, satisfied. "Cool. Night, then, boys."

In the seconds after he left, a moment passed between them, where George arched an eyebrow in Dream's direction.

"Just," Dream started, tiredness eating at him, "*don't*."

"Alright," George said, holding in a laugh. "D'you wanna play a game, though? I'm in the mood now."

They hadn't played a solid game of chess in weeks, probably, which was out of the ordinary since he'd moved in.

George was a daily chess player, liked to get in a few games whenever he had free time, or even to pass time or procrastinate, and Sapnap and Dream enjoyed indulging him. If they weren't available, he stuck to online chess, but there was something remarkably different about playing the game in person, which made it preferential to all of them.

Dream loved playing chess with George, partially because of how invested George got during games, partially to see his brilliant mind at work. It was damn attractive, how smart he was when he wasn't trying to hide it, or tone it down, or play dumb on purpose.

"Sure," Dream said, warmth trickling into his tone, "down."

Thankfully, George's bedroom was far from Sapnap's, so they didn't have to worry much about lowering their voices or being too loud. It had been a while since he'd entered George's room—two weeks, to be exact, as George had taken to sleeping in Dream's room and Dream's bed was much comfier, plush with a rich duvet and the fluffiest pillows. George's room was nice too, though, even if he wasn't using it much—he had his set-up there, most of his personal belongings, the items which he collected as keepsakes, trinkets lined up along his desk and nightstands.

The chess set Dream had bought him as a gift sat over a table, clean and well-used. It was a *Harry Potter* Wizard's Chess set, to be exact—Dream hadn't been able to help himself when he came across it one night, had remembered a conversation that he and George had years ago before YouTube, when he'd offhandedly mentioned he wanted to get one and had forgotten about the urge.

Dream liked to buy George precious things. Stupid, dumb, useless things, too. He liked to buy all his friends gifts, but especially George—the difference was that when it was for George, he didn't call them gifts, which made presenting them more digestible. And George was always so thankful in his own way, appreciative and grateful and sweet; Dream liked putting that look on his face.

At the foot of his bed, George placed the heavy board dead-centre. The two of them took their own places, each on either side of it, before George pushed the white pieces over for Dream's taking, choosing black for himself and lining them up.

"We haven't done this in a while," Dream commented, when he finished putting his pieces in order.

The corner of George's mouth quirked. "Too busy with other things," he quipped, before he moved his first pawn forward.

George looked comfortable tonight, in black sweats and a shirt, hair sticking up in obscure places, messy from Dream ruffling his hair after dinner as he hadn't bothered to fix it. He looked *soft*. Dream wanted to hug him, hold him against his chest, but he was so far like this, out of reach.

Dream shook his head, tried to focus on the game instead of ogling.

Slowness wasn't how they typically played chess, but tonight that was how it was done. He couldn't help it when George looked like that, and Dream didn't mean the cuteness, he meant—the determination. All focused, a pinch between his eyebrows, elbows resting over his thighs as he waited with patience for Dream's moves.

George wasn't looking at the board for the most part, either. He was, during his turns, but he was mostly looking at Dream instead of plotting as he usually did.

It was distracting, being watched so closely, especially during chess. During poker it might've been normal, but *chess*? It made Dream want to watch him back, see him tick, watch as he came up with his strategic plays.

Between moves, Dream stared back.

George was hot, okay.

Dream had the hottest boyfriend ever. He was sure of it. It made him want to tell everyone around him. Why had he lied to Sapnap, earlier, again? He kind of wanted to shake him awake, now, and yell in his ear, *dude, George wants me back. George loves me. He's mine!* Maybe he'd even Tweet about it. The fans would think he's joking, anyway.

He was somewhat deranged, perhaps.

As a duo, they'd played hundreds of games of chess. Ones filled with bickering, insults, taunts, mocking, teasing, and oftentimes even tension. Not once had they played like *this*, however—eyes straying so frequently to one another, fingers tapping in their own laps, tense silence as they took their respective turns.

He wanted to crawl out of his own body, get in George's lap, kiss him until he was brainless.

The number of pieces was dwindling, as was Dream's sanity.

Why the *fuck* were they playing chess, when they could be making out instead?

George had eyes which stared into his soul, he concluded, as he watched him make his next move. Dream wondered if he could read minds, because as soon as he thought that, George visibly suppressed a smile, before picking up his bishop.

Dream couldn't take it anymore.

"You look sexy," he said, tone casual despite the heart lodged in his throat. "All concentrated like that." Pushing his queen forward, he tried to ignore the sliver of want that trailed down his spine.

"Stop talking," George muttered under his breath, and Dream could see when the bone in his jaw jumped from clenching down.

God, he was so *hot*.

George moved his knight next.

Dream's mind was straying, and he was desperately trying to get himself under control. *Jesus fuck, Clay, you're playing chess, not looking at him naked.*

He could tell that George wasn't doing so well either, because he kept looking at Dream's hands, his face, his mouth. It made Dream feel better about the state of his own mind. Not thinking too hard about it, he moved another pawn.

George had the nicest hands, he thought with absentmindedness. He'd always believed that, seeing the pictures on Twitter, the TikTok edits he lingered on when he came across them, but having them physically in front of him, holding them in his own hands, being allowed to intertwine their fingers, the brief trip they'd taken between his lips—he was sure of it, now. Everyone always sang praises about Dream's hands, but George's were masterful.

Masterful masterpieces, which—were twitching, this instance, in George's lap.

*Intriguing.*

Dream's mouth went dry. He cleared his throat, and waited for George's eyes to meet his.

"Did you know," Dream began, lowly, "when you want something—like, to touch, and you're thinking about it—your hands fidget?"

The room was so quiet that he could hear the air conditioning blasting.

George squinted his eyes at him. “You don’t know me,” he snarked, an obvious lie, before his gaze moved back to the board before them, nearly empty. “Check, by the way.”

*I know you better than you want me to*, Dream didn’t say, *I always have*. Ignoring the check, he spoke again. “What are you thinking, George?”

The bone in George’s jaw jumped again, flexing. His spine straightened, and he answered, still watching Dream, “Nothing.”

“Nothing?” he pushed. He moved his king, mind going so fast he could barely keep up with it any longer, before questioning: “Don’t want to touch anything? *Anyone*?”

George placed his queen diagonal from his king. “I don’t want *anything* from you, other than to beat you.”

Dream felt like his skin was on fire.

“I think you want to touch me,” Dream said, accusing, blazing. “I think you want—”

“D’you ever shut *up*?” The only sign that this was affecting George, too, was how hard he was breathing. If Dream touched his wrist, he wondered if he’d find his pulse racing. “Do you? I know it’s hard for you, but.”

*I’m over this*, Dream thought, and on impulse, he swept his hands over the board, shoving all the pieces off of it and effectively ruining the game.

George stared at the board, blinking in disbelief. “What the *fuck*. I was about to win!”

“I forfeit,” Dream said, unnecessarily. He’d never found it so easy to give up in his life, was usually much too competitive for such a thing, much more conclusive, but the spark inside him was alive and lit and there was an insistent need inside him to keep it burning. “Tell me, George, d’you want to touch me right now?”

George stared at him, next, not blinking at all.

“George,” he prompted, with impatience.

“*Obviously*,” George finally replied, and it made Dream want to laugh, how utterly fed up he sounded.

It was kind of fun being a tease, he was discovering. He inclined his chin downwards, looking at George through his eyelashes. “Where?”

George licked his lips, then looked Dream up and down. An honest reply came. “Everywhere.”

“Oh,” he breathed. That was—cute, and very George. It wasn’t like he didn’t want that, but—a sudden idea stirred in Dream’s mind, and he paused, contemplating it, before taking the plunge. “I kinda want to see you touch, instead.”

Between George’s eyebrows, a line pinched there in confusion. “See me touch what?”

Dream bit his lower lip, trailing his eyes over George’s form, until he got to his lap. He wasn’t hard, but Dream wanted to see him *get* hard. His mind was spinning. He wasn’t thinking for once, worried about being with him, operating on pure arousal. “Yourself,” he said, voice flimsy. Not

like a request, or a command, but like he was finishing a sentence. Stilted, he said it like the full response that it was: “Touch—yourself.”

George let out a long, slow breath. Eyes not giving away anything, he repeated what Dream had asked for. “You want to see me... touch myself.”

Face going warm, lighting up all the skin on his body, from his ears to his knees, Dream went, “Yes.”

Silence again.

Dream braced for rejection.

It was unfair, maybe. A big ask, considering all the commotion he’d strung about waiting. Too one-sided of a request for a first time.

He considered taking it back, but then—

“Huh,” George said, like he wasn’t opposed, but rather stumped that Dream had even suggested it. “Kinda weird, but—I’ve done weirder.”

Dream tilted his head to the side. Okay, what did *that* mean?

He wanted to ask, but a contemplative expression was gracing George’s features, before he followed it up with, “Move over there.” *There*, he indicated with a chin tilt, to the pillows.

Did that mean—? “Wait, you really—?”

“You want me to, or not?” George said, biting his lip, the only indication that he was nervous at all. “No? Yes? Get over there.”

Like a puppy, Dream followed, albeit with confusion. George crawled over after him.

Haunched on his knees, George pressed a palm to Dream’s chest, pushing until his back met the headboard, sitting upright. “Like so,” he instructed, with carefulness.

Dream wanted to ask what he was doing, but then George crawled backwards, sitting between Dream’s open legs, his own back pressed to Dream’s front.

His head tilted backwards to look at him, and raised a hand to Dream’s cheek. “I’m gonna—like this.”

“Like *this*?” Dream repeated, with surprise, already lightheaded. He had expected—sitting in front of George as he did it, not George pressed up against him, head lolling against his shoulder. They were so close together. George would *feel* it when Dream got hard from watching. He would feel his heart beating out of his chest, hard thumps, their bodies pressed so tight together. George was in his goddamn lap, practically.

And then Dream realized—that was the whole point.

George was trying to fucking murder him.

He shakily exhaled. Inhaled, slower. Tried to manage his senses, the speed of his pulse, his scrambled brain.

In George’s ear, he told him, “I know what you’re doing.”



Unfazed, George replied, “You think you’re the only one who can tease?” Tone low, matching that of Dream’s.

He went hot with embarrassment from the call-out.

George’s lips pressed under Dream’s chin. He relaxed from the kiss. Gentler, he said, “You wanna watch, so—here. Watch.”

George’s hand was already palming the front of his sweatpants, the half-hard length of him evident through the clothing. God, Dream wanted to see it, had *been* wanting to see it, he was already flushed thinking about how he’d look doing this for him. George rolled his hips upwards into his hand, applying more pressure. He wondered if George knew how he looked right now, getting himself harder in front of Dream. He wanted to know what he was thinking.

One of George’s hands grasped beside him for purchase, where Dream’s thigh laid next to his hip. Pressing his thumb hard into it, feeling the muscle, Dream saw as George’s eyelashes fluttered.

Dream kissed his ear, eyes returning to where his hands were occupied.

“You’re all twitchy,” Dream said against the shell of his ear, watching as it jumped up against his hand, his clothes.

George was shivering. Dream didn’t think he was cold, though, he thought he might just be really into it, into this, into *him*, maybe. “Dream, you *literally* have a dick,” he said back, voice strained. “You know how this works.”

He made a dismissive sound. “It’s *different* when it’s not mine,” he replied. “Like, this is happening because of me, kind of. ’S hot.”

George let out a breathy laugh at that. “It *is* because of you.” He shuddered, and he looked fully hard, now, his thumb and index finger wrapped around the shape of himself. “I’m gonna take it out, now.”

“Okay,” Dream said, tiny, acknowledging. Kissing George’s cheek as he waited, he looked away to give him a moment of privacy, even though he didn’t think George really cared much.

George didn’t take his pants off entirely, Dream noticed, when he glanced down. He pushed them under his ass, half-way down his thighs, and they were loose enough that it wasn’t an uncomfortable look, but he’d already wrapped his hand around his dick, cupping it, directly in Dream’s eye-line.

He was—

Dream thought it was, perhaps, embarrassing to describe a dick like this, but: it was pretty. It was gorgeous, and hot, and perfect, like every inch of George he’d already taken in with his eyes. Not *too* thick, not *too* big, just utterly fucking perfect and proportional and so, so George. He’d been expecting it, too, had fantasized about touching it, pressing it in his mouth, but the sheer image of it made Dream’s mouth part, and water, and want.

Around a mouth filled with saliva, Dream swallowed, and couldn’t help but tell George a concise summary of everything he was thinking. “Perfect,” he said into George’s hair.

He watched as it twitched in his hand from the sound of his voice, the word he’d said.

Oh. *Oh*.

“Sweetheart,” he sang near George’s head, so close to his ear that everything he was saying must’ve sounded clear and crisp, and he saw George’s fingers tighten more around it. “C’mon, touch.”

“M touching,” George spoke back, clearly affected, precome at the head of his cock. He was so wet already, dripping down the side, and Dream wondered who this was hotter for, him or George. Was it better to watch someone you love touch themselves, or to be watched by someone you love, adoringly? “Annoying, watch me, watch.”

And then he started stroking along himself, firm movements, much harder than Dream would’ve done if he was trying to touch George himself, but he knew George knew his own body, knew what he liked, and was practiced at it. Maybe it was good he’d done it this way. He could learn what he preferred, what would make it better, when he did it for George later on.

Thumbing all over the tip with rough hands, George moaned. An unforgettable sound.

He’d hear that moan ringing in his ears for the rest of the night. In his dreams.

This was what George liked, he realized, watching him pull at his cock with his left hand, upwards, downwards, wrist flicking. This was how George did it when he was alone, no company surrounding him, under his bed sheets, in the shower. This was how he liked to touch himself.

For a brief second, he contemplated his inescapable attraction to men, and wondered how he’d managed to avoid how pressing it was, how he managed to avoid the feeling until George came into his life. But then, as he watched George, he thought of how *of course* it had taken this man to accept it, to understand it, how undeniable it was when George was in front of him, looking like that.

Dream’s breathing went irregular. He wondered if George could hear the pattern of it, could note the distinction, because they knew each other so well that they noticed small things like that, the things that others would write off as imagination. He could feel himself thickening against the base of George’s back, but tonight wasn’t about him. He looked from George’s dick to his face, the bitten lips and eyes squeezing shut, and he *knew* tonight wasn’t about him: it was about how hot George was, how he looked when he was lost in himself.

Watching George touch made Dream feel like he was being engulfed in flames. A phoenix reborn from the sight of masturbation.

...he sounded ridiculous, didn’t he? Sometimes his brain just said shit.

“You’re beautiful,” Dream had to say, against George’s temple. He kissed right above his ear, mouth wet and open, over and over, whenever he could reach. With notable despair, his voice broke around the next words, as he continued to kiss. “Pretty, *pretty* boy.”

“Shut the hell up, plus ratio,” George returned immediately, forever terrible at accepting compliments despite leaning into the feeling of Dream’s lips on him, and Dream couldn’t help the fond giggle that emitted from him. As if he wasn’t even thinking about it, in response to that, George blurted, as if in pain, “Oh, I love your laugh.”

A hand grasped around the heart in his chest, squeezing hard, so hard that Dream felt like he might be dying. He could’ve sworn he stopped breathing, then and there. “Yeah?” he asked, so sentimental for some reason, as if George wasn’t full-on jerking it in front of him. Eyes flickering between the hand flying over his dick and his face, the epitome of what it looked like to be turned on, he prompted, “What else do you love?”

He'd asked George this question before, fished for compliments, because nothing felt as good to receive as a compliment from George. A lot of the time, though, he tended to play it off, to change the topic.

"Thighs," George said immediately, like he'd been waiting for Dream to ask him this entire time and his filter was completely depleted, and George's free hand gripped at the firm muscle right next to him, Dream's thigh.

Dream knew he was blushing, he could feel it spreading over his body.

George continued. "Your hands. Your hair. Your shoulders. And," he tilted his head back, to look at him directly, lovingly, and Dream was going to *die* if George kept looking at him like that, with so much affection in his eyes. "That face," he finished, nose nuzzling right under Dream's jaw, back and forth motions, before hitching a gasp as he gripped himself harder.

There was a tornado building in their bedroom, he was positive, even though he wasn't looking anywhere but at George.

Dream was getting swept up in it.

Dream *wanted* to get swept up in it.

Dream wanted the destruction that came from it.

He wanted George to rip this room apart with the force of his gaze. He wanted him entirely. He didn't even know how he wasn't touching, too much in shock by what was happening before his eyes, too turned on from the sight of George's arousal, from how skilled he seemed, how sure of himself, the devotion he was returning to Dream, carelessly, shamelessly, endlessly.

He was doing his staring thing again. Every time George tried to hold eye contact with him, Dream felt like George was seeing everything Dream had always tried to hide, undoing him with ease. He felt like he was seeing everything George didn't say with his voice.

The darkness of his eyes made Dream feel like he was drowning in the black sea, unable to look away, inevitable to get lost in it. He wanted to plunge under the water and never come out. He wanted George to take him away with the strength of his tide.

Dream wanted to kiss him on the mouth. He wrapped his arm around George's middle, tighter, pulling him harder against him, hoping he could feel how affected he was by this, too.

George wasn't looking away. His head was tilting upwards as he fucked up into his fist, lips darkening in their pinkness, wet and bitten, his tongue sneaking out every once in a while.

"Are you—*George*. Are you jerking off to my face?" he asked, voice hoarse, beyond flattered when George didn't look away, but Dream heard the wet sound of his hand pulling at his cock, steady.

George scoffed, bit his bottom lip around a smile, eyelashes fluttering. "You're pretty enough that it works, okay."

"Wow." He felt—disbelieving. Self-deprecating. Astounded with the fact that this man wanted him back. George was so lovely to him. "That's—you're crazy, I think. It's official."

George kissed his jaw again, and when Dream looked down to his lap again, his thumb was rubbing circles, firm and hard, into the head of his wet cock, before he continued his motions. In a

shaky tone, George mumbled, “Crazy about you.”

Dream kissed the crown of his head for that, in thanks, his insides melting. “Sappy.”

“Sapnap,” George said back, out of nowhere, and it was just word association, it had to have been, but—

Dream gagged, aghast. “Oh, my God, George, not during *sex*.”

George laughed much too loud at that, but it turned up into a higher moaning sound when he moved his hand rougher over himself, dragging along the length with practice. “Gonna come soon, I think.”

“Yeah?” Dream asked, noting how his hand moved faster. He kissed down George’s cheek, holding his chin as he cupped his sweet face. “Wanna see, c’mon, look at me when you do.”

“Okay,” George groaned, head inclining backwards like he was being hit with the intensity of it, and his gaze didn’t waver once, he noticed, but Dream’s gaze did, he had to look down to watch as George shot off over himself, making himself dirtier, the mess unbelievably hot. Dream looked up again, hearing the orgasm in his lengthy groan, and when he took in George, there was proof of it all over his face, too, because how George looked in that moment was by far the most beautiful he’d ever looked in his life. Lax, loose, vulnerable, and perfect. And his; only his.

Dream was a melting pot, drowning in the sight of this, and George was turning him inside out.

George’s eyes were shining when he looked at Dream, helplessly, after he finished. He didn’t seem near tears, though, solely taken aback by everything he was feeling.

He heard George swallow hard, then in a rough, used voice, ask, “You next?”

Bursting out of him, a laugh came—bright, overwhelmed by how much he adored George in every way humanly possible. “Another time, babe, that was”—he kissed him everywhere in reach, by his hair and nose and cheeks, and then with languid, buzzing, uncontrollable desperation when he got to his lips—“that was perfect,” he said between kisses, between the flick of his tongue, “you’re amazing, *amazing*.”

George seemed wrung-out now that he’d come. There was softness, happiness in his eyes as he looked at Dream. He wondered if he’d look at him like that forever. He hoped he’d never stop.

Surrounded by darkness, none of the lights on, Dream woke that night to George watching him with kind, sleepy eyes.

Humming, he snuggled closer, burrowing himself in George’s chest. His safest place. George’s hands went around him, like they had been before he’d fallen asleep, holding him tight, a fist clenched in his hair. Dream slurred, half-asleep, “Wha’time’sit?”

No reply came for a long while. Instead, George’s fingers coaxed through his hair, soothing him, lulling him back to a mostly-unconscious state. If Dream was a cat, he’d be purring from how good it felt. *Was this how Patches lived?* he thought nonsensically.

After some silence, with Dream relishing in the petting and the sounds of George’s breathing above

him, he heard George ask, in the smallest voice he'd ever heard from him, "D'you know how much I love you? How proud I am of everything you do?"

His breath hitched. Was he out of it? Taken aback, enamoured, cotton-mouthed, Dream mumbled into George's neck, his favourite word. "George."

"Shh," he said back, whispering still. "I can tell you like this. It's easier when you're sleeping, in the middle of the night. Nothing matters here. Or... everything does. I dunno." His fingers tangled between the strands of his hair, scratching his nails gently over his scalp. Voice beyond a whisper, he admitted, "I mean it, though."

George wasn't usually one for words. He reassured when Dream needed it, but offering them up unprompted—Dream wondered what he'd done to deserve such a gift. He wondered what was going through George's mind right now, how long he'd been awake.

"M I still asleep?" he asked, delirious, George's pulse under his eardrums. Listening to George's voice as carefully as he could.

Silence bled into the room again.

"You are so dumb," was all George breathed out in reply. "So, so dumb. Like. *Fuck*. You've made me, like—*this*. It's unforgivable, really. But you're the best thing to happen to me."

He kissed George's chest, right under his heart, then kissed upwards until he got to his neck, and George's hand was firm over him, around him, cradling his head with gentle strength as Dream hid himself in his neck.

He gave him more kisses there, too, wanting to bruise him again, but had half a mind not to.

Instead, he breathed hot into the space, wondering if George could read his mind and moods as easily as Dream could in return, whenever he wasn't in the headspace to offer words.

Their roles had switched. Dream didn't know how to react. He just wanted to live in this moment for a while, not think hard about it. George's existence helped him not to think. He hadn't ever expected that to be a good thing, but the relief that came with loving George was greatly welcomed.

In a tired mumble, behind a tired smile, he felt nothing but gratefulness, nothing but reverence. "Love you, Georgie. Sleep w'th me. Talk t'morrow."

In the morning, after waking up in George's arms, he feared he'd dreamt it all. In the mirror of their bathroom, though, when he saw how George was looking at him, he knew he hadn't.

Fear was a fascinating concept, Dream was slowly discovering.

He wasn't sure why fear had such a hold on him, or what he was even truly afraid of half the time.

He thought: maybe he was scared to fuck this thing up between him and George, but then George looked at him and the apprehension disintegrated.

He thought: maybe he was scared not to be good enough. To be subpar, not up to George's

standards, and to disappoint him. That one was a little harder to push from his mind, but he also knew, when considering the situation from an objective point of view, that it wouldn't happen. He would never think that of George. Love didn't work like that. But he'd been told that he was prone to irrational worries, especially when it came to things he cared about.

He thought: maybe George would leave him.

But then George held him in his arms at night, like he was scared of the exact same thing, and he realized how stupid they could both be. George might not say it out loud, but he knew he felt some of the same things Dream did. And Dream had so much relentless faith in everything he felt for George, so much so that he thought they could persevere through anything. Was that naive of him?

It had only been *two and a half* weeks since they'd shared their first kiss, actually, and even though in his mind it felt longer, because he was the one living through the mess of all his internal processes. What they'd done together two days ago had helped them travel over the bridge of whatever he'd been scared of, before.

Quite frankly, Dream was tired of acting like a little bitch. This was his *boyfriend*, and he was so scared of screwing it up, for what? Was there a real basis to being this terrified? He overthought way too much.

He needed to get over himself. He was holding them back for no reason.

First, he needed to talk to George, though.

What he didn't expect, however, was George to beat him to it.

"I've a question," George mumbled, as they were making out one evening after dinner. Sapnap had spent the night at Punz's the day before, and he was still there, so they had the house to themselves.

Between kisses, Dream replied, "Mmkay."

"Okay, I"—he kissed him again, and George indulged him, before pushing a palm to his chest—"focus, I'm serious."

"Sorry, sorry," he laughed. Blinking down at him, from where he was hovering above his body, he said, "Ask me."

George looked up at him for a moment, like he didn't know how to articulate his question, and then he blurted out: "How much have you had sex?"

Dream blinked, then burst into uncontrollable laughter, wheezing and hacking up a lung through it. "Oh, my *God*, George. You can't just—you literally—the way you *said* that."

Pink-faced, George said, "Stop. *Stop*, Dream, I'm serious!"

He was still laughing, much too loud. Fuck, no one made Dream laugh as much as George did. "You might as well have been like," he made his voice squeakier, "'how much have you *fucked*, Dream?'"

An exasperated eye-roll. "Can you answer the question, idiot?"

It took a few moments to get a hold of himself, to quell his laughter. He coughed a few times, trying to get it out of his system completely. "I'm good, I promise, sorry, sorry," he said, still very

amused. Then, finally, when he was calmer, he told him the truth: “I’ve been with like, four girls. They were mostly relationships.”

Satisfied with the honest response, George nodded. “Okay, that’s what I expected.”

Dream paused, waiting. When nothing came, he said, “Your turn.”

“My turn?” George said, evidently stalling, not wanting to talk about it. Typical George.

“It’s only fair,” Dream said, raising an eyebrow. “C’mon, tell me.”

Lightly, George sang, “Hmmmmmm, nope!”

Okay, that was just offensive. “Dude, I told *you*.”

“Did you just call me ‘dude’?” George asked, with amusement, as if Dream didn’t do that to him regularly, even after they’d started dating.

“*Baby*,” he corrected, with a roguish grin, “I told you.”

“Okay, whatever,” George gave up, after tilting his head back and forth, like he was debating being honest, “I. I dunno, I guess I fooled around a bit in uni.”

A *bit*, echoed in Dream’s mind, and he wanted to laugh at how vague George was being about it. “What have you done?” he asked, now more intrigued.

“Um,” George went, and he didn’t seem to know how to put it. “So, I... dated that one girl, you remember her, and I sort of realized—I dunno, I wasn’t really into it.” He shrugged, twisting his mouth. “Random hookups, otherwise, with—y’know. Guys. Friends. But I was *not* sober for some of them. Oh, and I’ve done stuff. To myself, I mean.”

Dream’s mind was reeling from the sudden onset of information.

He knew George was more casual about his relationships, sex in general, but he’d never heard about it in this much detail. He stored away the information in his brain, before latching onto the end of his spiel.

“Like, fingers, you mean?” because even Dream had tried that a few times, when he was alone, in the privacy of his bedroom, too curious and too into George to not prepare for the potential of it, to imagine if it would be good, if he’d like that sort of thing.

“Um, sure,” George said, not meeting his eyes, like it wasn’t *just* fingers.

Oh, shit. *Fuck*.

Dream didn’t call him out on the lack of elaboration; he could pick up what George wasn’t saying out loud, he could *imagine* what he was leaving unsaid. He swallowed, picturing it. Then admitted, as if George wasn’t well-aware, “I’ve never been with a guy before.”

George blinked up at him, and his eyes went softer. “I know.”

He didn’t want the gentleness this time, though, the patience. He wanted George to push. He wanted to *be* pushed. It might help, he imagined, so he kissed him with the ferocity which had built up inside him the past two weeks, and said into his mouth: “I... like it. A lot.” He kissed him even slower, hoping he was conveying exactly how much he liked it with the kiss. “I like *you* a lot.”

“Yeah?” George mumbled into his lips, before slipping in a little tongue, licking into Dream’s mouth.

Humming, he told George, “I like you *so* much,” sick with how enamoured he felt, before kissing the corner of his mouth once.

George grinned into the kiss. “So gross how much you love me.” Rolling them over so that he was on top of Dream, he straddled his hips. Dream laughed, angling his chin up in askance of a kiss, and George gifted him another one.

Amongst the sound of them kissing, devouring each other, he said in reply, “Says the one in my lap right now, *kissing* me.”

George was giggling again, one of Dream’s favourite sounds. His eyes were closed, though, and they took a few minutes to kiss some more. Dream’s favourite thing ever was to kiss George, honestly.

“Have you thought about what it would be like?” George asked him, when they were taking a breathing break. Their eyes opened, and gazes locked in sync. “To be with a guy?” he clarified, and within that, Dream heard, *to be with me*.

He brushed the tips of their noses together. “Mhm.”

George kissed him on the cheek, said near his ear, “Tell me, please.”

*Please*, George said, all polite and sweet, like he wasn’t an angel of destruction and madness.

“I wanted to kiss you,” he told him, gently. “Feel you under me. Touch you, everywhere.” His hands were rubbing circles over the planes of George’s back. With a touch of self-induced shame, he admitted, quickly, stumbling over himself, “And I—well—your ass is nice.”

George seemed like he wanted to laugh at the confession. “All the texts gave you away, there.”

His blush was spreading everywhere, he could feel it travelling down his body. “Okay, fuck off.”

“S okay.” George’s thumb was rubbing his pulse, soothingly. “We’ll get there.”

The breath knocked out of him from that promise. “Are you saying I can—”

“What *else*?” George cut in, eyes on his mouth, cupping his jaw. Distracting him from what he’d just said.

He catalogued it to come back to later. “I wanted to try, um, blow jobs,” he said, because it was the first thing he’d ever thought of, in regards to what he wanted to do with George; it always had been, the act was in a large amount of his personal fantasies, had been on his mind so much that he couldn’t not tell George about it.

“You want it?” George murmured, and his fingers trailed over, parted Dream’s lips himself, and hooked his mouth. Dream stopped breathing. Quieter, he said, “In here?”

Slightly garbled and muffled from the fingers, he told him, “You are so fucking hot without even trying.”

A slow smile spread across George’s face, as he slipped his fingers out. “I was trying a bit, then.”

Laughing shortly, he told him, “Well, you succeeded.” A few beats passed, before he kissed



George, hard, hoping it would make him understand how much he wanted that. “Yes, George, I want to suck you off.”

Dark eyes met his own. “Kinda hot, imagining you doing that to me.”

“*Imagining*,” Dream said slowly, sounding out the word. He considered the turn of George’s lips, the arch of his eyebrow, the way he was looking at him, head tilted to the side, patient but interested, always *so* interested in what Dream wanted, in what he wanted to do with him.

He rolled them back over, so he was hovering over George again, and kissed him hard as a distraction. Allowing his hands to travel everywhere he’d wanted, he touched George’s chin, then his neck, then slithered down until he was feeling his torso, and didn’t stop until he was cupping him over his pants.

George gasped into his mouth when he felt his hand.

“Imagining,” Dream echoed, against George’s mouth, feeling the shape of him. Under him, George was arching up along the line of his body, and Dream began kissing downward, so swift that he wondered if George was even keeping up with how fast he was moving, until he was in direct line of George’s clothed cock.

“Is this,” George began, hoarse, but then cut off when Dream brushed his nose over the bulge, back and forth. “Oh, why are you—what the *hell*, Dream, why are you nuzzling my dick like that?”

“I like it,” Dream breathed, simply, and he found it easy to open his lips up over the fabric, breath hot over it and mouth at what was there. George was hard because of *him*. “I want it.”

“You can have it,” George encouraged, overeager, demanding, guiding. Exactly how Dream liked him.

Dream looked up at him from where he laid. “I want you,” he began, already breathless, refusing to give into his fear any longer, “to look at me.”

Under George’s eyes, he could feel himself burning. A nod. “I’m looking.”

“Don’t look away,” Dream said, commanding, strangely empowered. He pushed his body up off of him, and got off the bed, pulling George’s legs to swing off the side as he went. And then, he dropped to the floor. “Watch me get on my knees.”

“Fuck,” George cursed, not looking away as Dream’s hands trailed over his clothed legs.

“George,” he whispered, leaning forward, forehead pressed against George’s knee. “You’re the only person who’ll get me like this.”

A wounded noise came from George’s throat. “Yeah, you’re *mine*,” he told Dream, hand moving to cradle his head. “Only I get to see you like this.”

*Oh, you are so fucking hot*, Dream thought, but he didn’t say that out loud, he just moved to the waistband of George’s sweats, and tugged until George got the hint to push them off alongside his underwear. Peeling them off his body as quickly as he could, Dream pressed his mouth over George’s thighs, deciding it was fair game to mark him there. No one would see it other than them, if he did it high enough. Ownership had never felt so sacred.

As he worked his skin under his mouth, he finally, finally let his hands move to where he’d

imagined them forever, holding the hot, velvet length of George in his hands.

And George *moaned*, the second he wrapped around it.

The sound was addicting. He wanted him, he needed him, he—

His mouth travelled to where his hands were, and this close, drunk on this much arousal, George's cock didn't seem so scary.

He thought of all the stuff he'd seen on the internet. The Twitter threads he'd read about sucking dick, the Reddit posts he'd looked at in interest and shame for research purposes, the porn he'd watched, amateur and professional alike, of people performing blow jobs on their partners, and then he thought to himself, *oh, just fucking go for it, already*, and he fed the tip to his wet mouth.

George groaned, louder, and when Dream's eyes opened, he was watching him with blown pupils and parted lips, already breathing so out of control that Dream knew this was going to be good.

He was going to die if he paid attention to how George was watching him during this, so he closed his eyes and focused.

Sucking slowly, lips around the head, he relaxed his mouth as much as he possibly could as he made his way over it, attempting to fit as much of it in his mouth. The second it got so far he felt like he was pushing it, he stopped, inhaling through his nose slowly, trying to beat his nerves.

His entire mouth was salivating around it. He knew what it felt like to get this done—warm, wet, tight. From the breathing alone, he imagined George was enjoying it.

He probably looked like a complete disaster.

Plush lips dragged along the length, slow and teasing.

George was making the hottest sounds, though. Dream wanted to pull every single one from his lips.

He pulled off with a *pop*, mouthed along the shaft as he tried to catch his breath. Unthinking, he told George, because he thought he deserved to know, in a voice so obliterated he hardly recognized it as his own: "It's good."

"Yeah?" George breathed, holding Dream in place with one hand, his free hand holding his own dick, and he moved it back so that it was pressed to Dream's lips. In a hoarse tone, he said, "You like that?"

"Yes," Dream told him, flushed everywhere on his body, and he must've looked filthy like this, opening his mouth for him, licking over the tip, but he couldn't care less. Precome was all over his mouth, but he didn't hate it; he'd thought he might think of dick sucking as a chore, but he fucking *loved it*. "I like this—a lot."

A shocked breath left George's mouth from the admission. "You're. So hot."

Dream pressed a filthy, wet kiss over the head, pressed the flat of his tongue under it. "Your dick is hot."

Around a laugh, George tried to tell him, strained, as Dream used his tongue to lick at the length of him, "I've been thinking about this since you—with your mouth, and my fingers—every *night*."

“Every night?” It had been nearly a week since that happened. Dream mouthed along his shaft, kitten-licking as he went, and in a sly tone, said muffled into it, “Dirty boy.”

George gasped, the hand in Dream’s hair tightening. “You don’t get it,” he gritted out, “you looked so good, it was insane.”

Now that Dream was getting more acquainted with this, he felt better about all the stuff he’d been worried about. He wanted to give him *more*, was eager to prove himself, to make it the best he could. With careful movements, hiding his teeth, he pushed his head back over his cock, sucking George down as far as he could.

His tongue curled along it, and Dream felt it twitch in his mouth. Holy *shit*, that was hot. He wondered if he was imagining things, or if George was actually getting harder in his mouth the more this went on. He almost wanted to touch himself, could feel the blood rushing through his ears and downwards, but he was determined to make this good for George first. He wanted to give himself over. He wanted to give.

Was it possible to feel—humiliated by this, almost? By how much he loved it? Dream hadn’t expected that, but the burn of it coursed through his veins, the more he bobbed his head, the harder he sucked. He’d expected to like it, but *this* much? He was desperate for it. He knew that as soon as it was over, he’d be desperate for it again.

It was wet, everywhere. The sound of himself doing this, working his mouth over his dick, the sounds coming from *George*. He felt liberated, like a beast unleashed. He wanted more, he wanted *everything*, he wanted it to last forever, but then—

George came, without warning, all over the flat of his tongue, with a long, shocked sound.

“Sorry, fuck, sorry, sorry,” George was saying, but Dream didn’t mind that much, it had been the goal, hadn’t it? He’d have preferred a warning, but he’d had many an orgasm throughout his life when he hadn’t felt it coming, it hitting him out of nowhere. And more than that, Dream was more focused on the fact that George was coming *in his mouth*.

George tasted salty, was his belated realization, after he pulled off and swallowed as much as he could. He couldn’t tell if it was gross or hot that it spilled from his mouth, unable to be contained, and dripped onto George’s thighs, but his tongue was still on George’s spent cock, licking like he couldn’t get enough.

Stopping now didn’t feel right. Allowing the moment to end, for his mouth to leave George, it felt —*wrong*.

Dream put him back in his mouth, despite the fact that he’d already come.

“*Dream*,” George whined, begging him, his leg kicking from surprise, “you’re *killing* me, please —”

Maniacally, he kept sucking, feeling as it relaxed on his tongue, the swollen length of him. George’s hands in his hair tightened, pulling, as if to indicate that it was too much, but Dream resisted. He forced himself back down, licking until he felt George under the palms of his hands, shaking, trembling from the overstimulation.

The moans were even better like this—George sounded *wrecked*, like he’d taken him apart piece by piece, ruined him beyond comparison. This was what Dream had wanted all along. He’d wanted George undone by his measure.

Dream only pulled off when George flinched under him, after one last, gentle suck, then rested his cheek on his bare knee. George slumped over like a ragdoll, falling over on the bed.

No one spoke for a moment. The air surrounding them was humid, tense with sex and loud with the unevenness of their breathing.

“Oh, my God,” George finally spoke up, after an entire minute of bewildered silence. Dream looked over at him, and he was staring at the ceiling, as if marvelling at what had just occurred. “Oh, my *God*. You’re insane.”

That had been a little insane of him, to be fair. “You make me insane,” Dream accused, still heaving against George’s leg, knowing he probably looked disgusting, had made them *both* disgusting. George tugged his shirt off, passed it to Dream to clean himself up, and he threw it on the floor when he was done. It was covered in the mess which had covered them both, anyway.

He wondered how long George would be out of it after what had transpired, how long he’d need to recover, but then he said, so fast that Dream almost got whiplash: “Can we have sex?”

Dream laughed at the bluntness, loud and shocked.

“You’re *insatiable*,” he said to him, after recovery. He plopped himself next to George on the bed, turned to look at him. “Already, George?”

“I’m only *asking*,” he said, and there were splotches of pink over his cheeks.

Dream considered it. “So, you want that?” he asked, to make sure.

“Dream,” George said, long-suffering, like he couldn’t believe Dream had just asked him such a stupid question. “I’ve wanted you to fuck me for like, years.”

Dream hid a smile. He’d known; George had implied it, but when he’d confessed wanting him for ages, it had been about his feelings. It hadn’t been about desire.

Or, maybe it was both. Maybe they were intertwined.

Letting their heartbeats slow before they did anything else, he asked, “Any other requests, your highness?”

“Hm,” George said, turning to look at him, eyeing him with an unidentifiable spark in his eyes, he said, “I could fuck you.”

Dream needed to pause after that one.

Okay, *that* he might need to build up to, for real. He thought about saying it, but then George said, with a slight understanding smile, “I think you need time for that, though.”

“I dunno,” Dream mumbled, face going hot. “I—we can do whatever.”

George shook his head, watching him closely. “No, I want what you want.”

“And *I* want what *you* want,” Dream said, a stubborn tone to match George’s.

“How about,” George began, then picked up Dream’s hands, brought it to his lips, to kiss his knuckles. With soft eyes, a slight smile, he requested: “Your fingers? Inside?”

Dream looked at him. He looked so sweet asking for the request, Dream couldn’t bear to deny him,

didn't want to deny him something so easy to give. "You just want any part of me inside you, huh," he said, a coy lilt over his voice.

George swallowed, but he didn't joke back. He just looked at Dream, and told him so seriously, "I just want to feel close to you."

A strangled sound came from Dream's throat from that statement. Leaning over to give George a kiss came too instinctively.

"Okay, let's do that," Dream said, kissing George's mouth repeatedly. "Can you do something for me, though?"

Bright-eyed, not worrying, George replied, "Anything."

Dream took a deep breath. "Can you—tell me about, like, what you'd think about, before we met? You said—you'd wanted me for a while. What does that mean?"

Eyes wide, George looked stumped, like he hadn't been expecting that at all. He'd probably expected Dream to ask him to blow him in return, or a hand job, not—words, communication, sharing of their deepest fantasies.

That was *why* Dream had asked, to begin with. Actions came easier to George, but words, and personal feelings? That was hard. This was a special request.

"*Dream*," George complained, embarrassed, as if he didn't want to.

Dream kissed his cheek, as if to soothe him. "I'll give you this, George. I promise. I just want to know." *Tell me, tell me everything. I'll give you everything you've wished for.*

George breathed deep. "Okay. Okay. I—alright."

Dream gave him a moment, as he got the lube and rolled them over so they were in the middle of the bed, laying more comfortably rather than having their legs hanging off the side. He kissed George on the mouth in the meantime, hoping it eased his filter, the same way George looked at him, touched him, relaxed him when he was caught up in his own head.

The tables had turned, like this; George seemed much more out of his element than Dream for once, like he wasn't used to explicitly relaying his desires, or maybe he was just not used to admitting to wanting someone for this long. It wasn't an easy thing to admit to, Dream knew. Sharing such fantasies, the pining that came along with it, was humiliating in some way, a feeling that Dream was all too familiar with.

He only hoped that the knowledge that he clearly wanted George back would be enough for him to feel comfortable sharing.

Laid out on the bed like he belonged in the Louvre, George began, quiet: "For a long time, I'd just think about your hands."

Dream kissed his neck as a reward. "What about my hands?"

George gave a sigh of pain. "Like, just you holding me. As I slept, or something. But then I'd wonder: if we kissed, would you hold my face?" He looked at him, like he wanted to smile about this. *I do hold you when we kiss*, Dream thought, and he knew George was thinking it too. "And then I'd think about you touching—y'know."

Dream pursed his lips, to hide a smile into his neck. Slyly, he asked, “Y’know?”

George scoffed at the tone. “My dick,” he said, blunter. It made Dream both want to laugh and gasp at once. Demanding, he said, “*Touch*, please.”

Dream crawled downward, helpless but to deliver.

“Hitch your leg up,” he requested, and when George did, Dream spread him open, baring him vulnerable before him. Like this, he could see everything, and he kissed the nearest spot on George’s leg for it. “Keep talking,” he murmured, lubing up his fingers with the half-used bottle.

George let out a slow, shaky exhale. “I’d do *this*, too. Thinking about your hands. Doing exactly this.”

He traced circles over George’s rim with a lubed finger. “This?”

George arched into the finger, pushing, clearly wanting more. “Yeah, *that*,” he confirmed, mindless from the sensation. “Or I’d think about—your cock. Which I *still* haven’t seen, by the way,” he complained, as if he was annoyed by this fact, and Dream wanted to laugh at the impatience.

“After, after,” Dream reassured him, then pressed a finger inside him, sinking deep, feeling him out, and he was rewarded with the lowest groan.

“*Fuck*,” George said, shakily. “I’d think about—I dunno, you, like, stretching me. Like this.” His face was getting redder the more he talked about it, the more honest he got.

“Was it good?” he asked, his brain hyperactive with images of George doing this to himself.

“It was fine,” he said, between uneven breaths, “I prefer—toys.” Dream paused in his movements, then pushed another finger inside for that revelation, George opening up with ease under his ministrations, despite the tightness surrounding him.

“A-ha,” Dream went, triumphant, like he’d gotten this admission through valiant efforts. Between the push-and-pull of his fingers, he tried to imagine what it would be like to press his cock inside this space, to sink into George entirely. “Did you imagine it was me?”

“*Dream*,” George complained, as if he was suffering so much by admitting this, “you *know* I did.”

It wasn’t even dirty talk, at least not to Dream, it didn’t feel like it, it felt like two people who’d wanted each other for longer than either of them had wanted to admit, sharing what they’d suppressed, repressed, for years. Finally expressing themselves, allowing themselves the ability to be truthful in safe company.

“Another?” Dream asked, unsure of how much George wanted, and when he nodded, he pressed in a third finger, his eyes going hot as he felt how George bore down on him.

There was a sheen to George’s eyes, he noticed, when he looked closely, and they squeezed shut when Dream brushed over his prostate inside.

“You okay?” he made sure to ask, with gentleness.

With laboured breaths, George made grabby hands toward Dream’s face, out of reach. “Kiss me, kiss me,” he pleaded, as if he was about to start sobbing if Dream didn’t.

He held George's jaw open, slipped his tongue inside as his fingers worked in, curling and crooking over the spot, and he could feel George shaking again, the same as he had shook before he'd come in Dream's mouth earlier.

"I'll come again," George warned into Dream's mouth. "If you keep—with my—"

"Isn't that the point?" he asked, between the press of his tongue and fingers. "Can you—untouched?"

"Um, I don't—maybe?—I—*fuck*." His eyes were rolling back, and Dream hadn't gotten to see this last time, had been too focused on his dick, and didn't want to miss the sight of George's face when he came again. "Okay, yeah, *yeah*, I can, just keep—"

"Like this?" Dream cut in, a wondrous husk, as he rubbed at him inside, wanting it to be good for George, needing the reassurance that he was doing a good job of taking care of him. "Yeah? Is that good? Is it—"

"It's *good*," George groaned, and the octave of his voice was pitched higher, this close to release. Dream wondered how sensitive it felt, considering he'd already come once. Garbled, he told Dream, mouth breathing hard into Dream's, "Perfect, so good. Like that."

He came with three of Dream's fingers inside, stretching him so much he could've probably sunk his dick in, too, if he weren't thinking so hard about the gravity that came with the act of anal sex.

"*Fuck*," Dream said, staring at George's face, the hard panting, the wetness in his eyes and the wetness which was coating his stomach now, too. "Fuck, you're perfect, I can't—"

One of George's thighs was beneath him, in this position. George was *naked*, his for the taking, and Dream still laid there, fully clothed, like a goddamn idiot.

He grinded down for relief, choking on a broken moan.

George tutted, noticing what he was doing, and clicked with his tongue. "Needy. C'mere."

"Shut *up*," Dream moaned, between rutting, "wanna talk about needy? How 'bout—"

"Qui-*et*," George cut in, impatient, "and take your cock out."

Bristling was his first choice of response, but his second was the urge to shut George up completely, stump him dead, so he did what was told. George watched him shed his sweatpants, kicking them off, then sitting up on his knees. Then, he looked down with drunken, dark eyes.

Staring at Dream's dick, he said, "You're massive."

Revelling in the attention, Dream let his head roll back, taking himself in his hands. His mind was bending in half, being watched, being wanted. "*Chill*, George," he breathed, as he dragged his hand along the length, "you're giving me an ego." He only half-was, if he was being truthful.

George hummed, a considering sound, as he watched him. "Maybe I like you with an ego," he said. A smirk flickered over his face. "It matches your big—"

Dream bent over to give him a bruising kiss. "You've got a *mouth*."

"I was only *saying*," he said, mirth sparkling in his eyes. "Should start calling you a God in bed, think you'd be kinda into it."

*You have no idea*, Dream thought, licking his lips at the thought, thinking of how it would feel to sink into George as he spoke sheer sacrilege. “Idiot,” he replied, not denying it, still pulling at his cock, finally basking in the relief, uncaring of anything beyond how good it felt to live in this moment.

George kissed him, sucking his lip into his mouth. Dream moaned, tightened his hand around himself. “I just like you confident,” George told him, this time softer. His thumb brushed over Dream’s cheek. “You’ve been so nervous. Tonight looks good on you.”

Dream’s heart stuttered. “*Baby*.” That was oddly sweet, actually, he wanted to kiss every inch of George’s body for that. He kissed him again, softer.

“Sit in my lap,” George requested, pulling at his arm.

Dream stared. “I’m much bigger than you.” *It’ll look ridiculous*, he mostly meant.

“That’s the point, idiot,” George grinned, boneless after having come twice, filled with intrigue by Dream’s ministrations. “Come here, baby.”

When George called him that, he couldn’t help but comply. He straddled his legs, and George sat up to kiss him properly, his hands travelling over Dream’s back until he got to his bare legs. Dream dragged his hands over himself, letting George take him in.

“I wanna bite you,” George told him, voice low, as his thumbs made firm circles over Dream’s thighs. “You look *delectable*.”

*Of all the fucking words*, Dream thought, almost laughed over it, but George snaked an arm around to palm at his back muscles. Dream fucked up into his own hand, letting him touch him wherever he wanted. His entire body felt like it was an open livewire; everywhere George went, he felt static.

“All those times you joked about me being obsessed with you,” George said, quiet, more thoughtful. Tilting his head down to watch the show with investment. “You were right.”

Dream stopped his motions, looking at George with a question in his eyes.

“You were so, so right,” George said, like admitting this made him feel too much. “I think about you—so much. All the time, Dream.”

“George,” Dream said, softer. He cried out, pulling at his cock, listening to George’s confessions.

“I’m *obsessed*,” George told him, with clear anguish. “And—look at you, how could I not be? You sound—you’re so—fuck, Dream, you make me feel *insane*.”

“Please,” Dream whispered, not knowing what he was asking for, moving his hand rougher. “Oh, please, you’re—”

“Let me,” George begged, “I don’t know how you could stand this the other day, like—this is *hot*, but I need to touch you, please.”

“Yes,” Dream breathed, resting his forehead on George’s shoulder, “oh, God, *yes*, thank you, *finally*, I—”

“Baby,” George said into his hair, “don’t thank me, you look so good, you’ve been so good tonight.” He pushed Dream’s hand away from himself, and took him in those majestic hands, the soft skin over Dream’s, forcing a wrecked sound from his throat. “Yeah, *yeah*. Show me how much



you love me. Show me. Come on. C'mon, angel."

Dream's brain was melting out of his ears, he was sure of it, the names and the sweet, sugar-infused tone and the *eyes* George was giving him, along with his touch, those hands stroking him—he was helpless but to come when he was asking him to, like that. He couldn't contain it.

He was nothing but George's.

George kissed his cheek, jerking him through it. Dream felt himself shudder, heard the heavy breaths from George as he watched him come undone.

"That's it, yeah," George murmured, watching as Dream's toes curled from the sensitivity as he kept it up, "fucking gorgeous, wow. Your *face*."

He kissed him everywhere, all over his face, so much that Dream was covered in it, covered in George, his mouth, his heart. "That was good," he whispered to him when it was over, holding Dream's face with his unused hand. A slow, steady kiss grounded them both. "You looked so hot."

Dream couldn't manage words any longer, even though George kept talking, even though George, for once, was the one who couldn't shut the fuck up.

He buried himself in George's neck, shaking with the realization that this was the hardest he'd ever come in his life. He liked it so much, he liked what they did together *so much*. He'd never had better sex before that, there was no comparison—he was long gone.

George held him, letting Dream's breathing even out, before cleaning him with the used shirt they'd thrown beside them earlier.

A neck kiss was what he gave George when he finally settled into the bliss of the afterglow. Thinking back on what he'd said moments before, Dream admitted, "I think about you always, you know."

George held him tighter, turned to look at him directly. "Hm?"

"You said you're obsessed with me," Dream mumbled, and usually he'd make a joke out of it, but he was grappling with the aftermath of how *good* this thing was, between them, shaking with the shock of how he'd never had it this good before. "It's mutual."

"No, you don't understand," George said, shaking his head, like he was mad about this, "*I breathe*, and I think of you. You mean—"

"George," he said again. "You don't need to say any—I understand. You *know* I understand." *I hear everything, even the things you do not say. I know you.*

"I *want* to say it," George said, voice akin to velvet. "You deserve to hear good things, too, Dream."

"Fuck," Dream cursed, and this, more than anything they'd done so far, made him feel like he was losing his mind. "You make me feel," and then, as if it was bursting out of him with visceral elation: "I *love* you, George. I love you."

Dream had read the sentence hundreds of times before, though he'd believed it to perhaps be an exaggeration. 'And the universe said'—so many things, didn't it? It was poignant, the End Poem, thoughtfully articulated and a lovely saying, but growing up, he had wondered if he could ever be loved like that.

As the years went by, Dream had fallen into various people. He hadn't fallen in *love* with them, but he'd thought that maybe he did love them. Maybe he could love them, if he tried hard enough. He'd fallen into people, though, hopelessly so, he realized in retrospect; he hadn't fallen in love. The unshakable, romantic part of Dream's brain, the part of him that he couldn't manage to lose, never fully disappeared. It permeated every inch of his DNA, the belief that one day he might find that. Still, he'd never expected to fall into love when it happened. He'd never expected to fall into George.

When things began to fall into place, he'd thought that there was no way such an incredible miracle could happen to him. It almost felt *too* incredible, too right. But he'd recognized it in George. He'd recognized love. Because George was that to him, to Dream: he was it.

George held him, like he knew what he was thinking. Dream held him back, like they'd said that all aloud.

"I think you ruined my life," Dream whispered, light tone covering the words, blinking hard against the sting in his eyes. "Like, you're the end for me."

"The end," George repeated softly, followed by a laugh, and Dream knew they were both thinking of Minecraft. "Ugh, Dream, you—you ruined my life, too, asshole," he said, as if he was in genuine distress. "You fucking—*eviscerated* it. You're destroying me. *Killing* me. You're everything. I'm gonna die if you don't—"

"Oh, my god," Dream muttered, with fondness. "Shut up, idiot, you're so—" He kissed him, soft lips pressing together as one. Dream's heart expanded in his chest, like it could barely fit in his body, all the love he had for George spilling over. "You're ridiculous, George. You're the love of my life."

"You're the ruiner of my life," George said back, but it felt like the same thing: to love and to be ruined. "That means I love you, too, by the way."

"I know," Dream said back, smiling at him. Lost in the endlessness of George's adoring gaze. "I know, sweetheart."

The end: it wasn't near, or in sight—he had a feeling they'd be taking their time for a long while, enjoying the journey to their destination, wherever it might be, sharing life together, as they did everything else. They were long ways from over, even if this was the end for them both.

## End Notes

+me, elsewhere:

twitter: [falsettodrop](#) | tumblr: [falsettodrop](#), [viewsfromthestyx](#).

If you enjoyed, I always love hearing it, whether it be through a comment or social media! (Also, boosting on Twitter and Tumblr helps a lot, so feel free to reblog/retweet the posts on my profiles.)

Some unnecessary backstory: I began writing this weeks before Dream posted his whole

discussion about sexuality on Reddit, which was a lovely and thoughtful read (and very fitting for some of the characterization choices in this story). I'd been thinking a lot about how the feeling of falling in love for the first time and the feeling of falling in love for the first time *in an LGBTQ+ relationship* are both strangely similar, terrifying experiences which can change your life. So, I wrote this as an exploration of sexuality, not necessarily of orientation, but more so sensuality and becoming comfortable with oneself. It's a test in self-restraint, what it feels like to hold back but to want more because you're caught up in your head, to touch someone that you've wanted for a long while, how it feels to take it slow but still remain overeager and nervous. A lot of focus on Dream's character development, George's understanding and patience, and the shared love in their relationship between them both. I hope I conveyed this with the care it deserves throughout the story.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!